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Hector

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My Wonderful Foreskin

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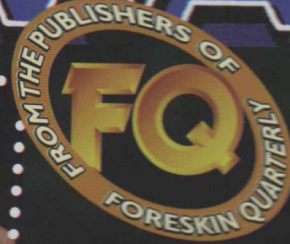
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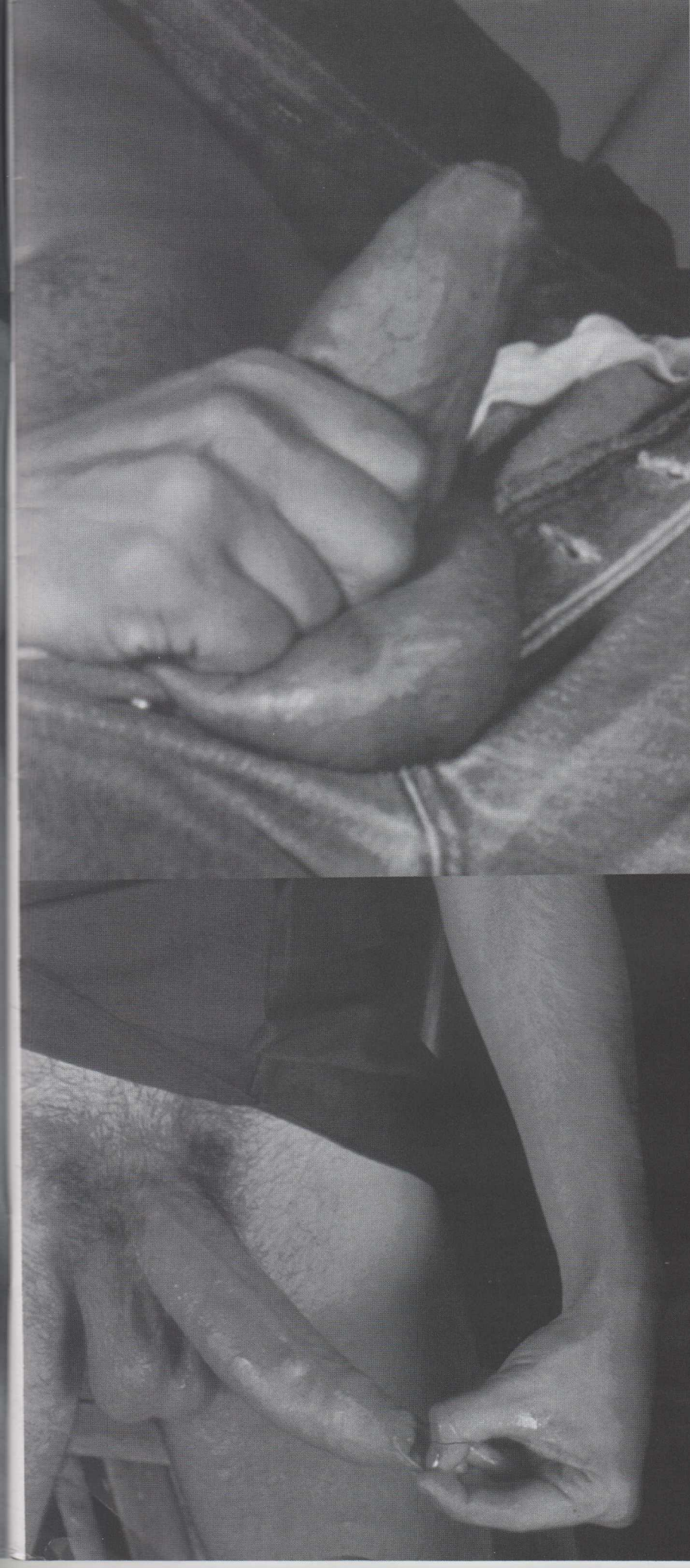
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Brush Creek Media, Inc. supports the need to practice safer, sane and consensual sex. We urge our readers to adhere to safer-sex guidelines and common sense.





FQ

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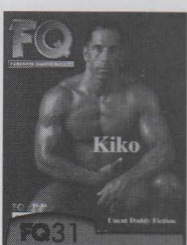
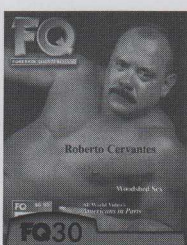
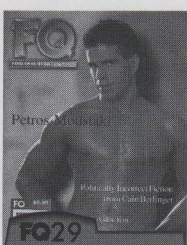
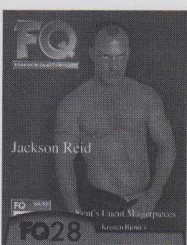
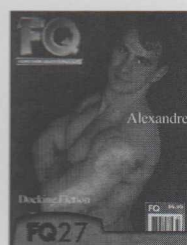
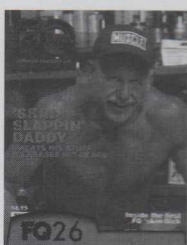
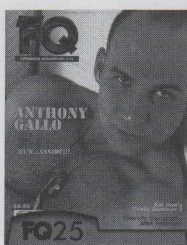
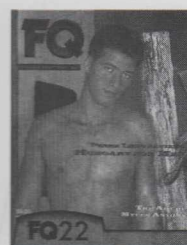
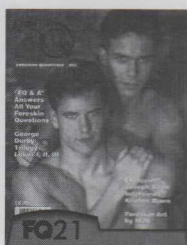
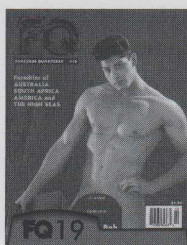
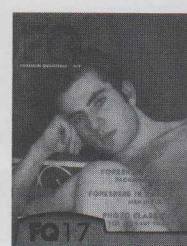
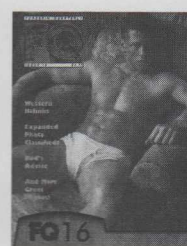
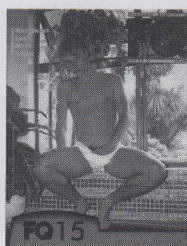
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"He said if I can't
get it licked off by
a hot tongue or
rubbed off during
a good fuck,
then just stick my
finger into my
foreskin, swirl it
around and pull
out a gob of
'cock candy' "



Dear FQ,

I noticed in FQ33 that a reader asked Dr. Wayne if there are any "tricks of the trade" to increase the quantity and the potency/pungency of a guy's smegma. By changing a few toilet habits, I have increased my output to about a teaspoonful of thick and strong smelling smegma every day.

As background, I'm 32 and have a fat six incher and I'm glad I'm uncut for several reasons but mostly because my dick has been a "cheese factory" ever since I started shooting. That's because I produce a lot of precum when I'm horny and have almost two inches of overhang that covers the head of my dick when hard, yet my foreskin can be retracted and it slides back and forth easily during sex. When I was twelve, my older brother told me it's stupid to wash head cheese down the drain because the smell of uncut dick and crotch sweat are real turn-ons to most sex partners. When I asked him how to deal with too much smegma, he said if I can't get it licked off by a hot tongue or rubbed off during a good fuck, then just stick my finger into my foreskin, swirl it around and pull out a gob of "cock candy" that's always 100% yummy. To cultivate crops of this special finger food, here's what I recommend:

1. When you shower, do not skin back your foreskin or wash any part of your crotch with soap. Just rinse with warm water.
2. Every time you piss, try to capture as much urine as possible under your foreskin. do not shake off those last few drops.
3. When you masturbate, retain the load under your foreskin. Do this for a few days and you will have a batch of smegma so thick, ripe and pungent you may need a putty knife to scrape it off. but all that man-smell and great taste is enough to make any cheese lover moan with ecstasy. Give it a try!

DW,
Wisconsin

Sounds like DW has got this cheese production down to a science! WOW! An output of a teaspoonful of thick and creamy head cheese a day sure adds up

quickly. I'll bet there's a posse out there looking for you. On the other hand, so to speak, those of you have are trying to cut back your production for whatever reasons, would be well advised to use DW's list in reverse. Smegma, like so many other things in life, is a matter of, ahem, taste. For those who love it, it is nothing short of Ambrosia of the Gods. If you're turned off to it, nothing can convince you to like it. Now you've got a reliable recipe for cheese production, let's get out there and see how well it works for you guys. Write to us at FQ and tell us your experiences with DW's special formula.

Dear FQ,

I couldn't believe it when I saw Sebastian, the cover model for FQ32. I have been reading FQ for over a year now and I have been very impressed by the quality of the magazine and its models, but Sebastian is the embodiment of my ideal man. I just stood in front of the magazine rack entirely enthralled by his face looking back at me from the cover. When I had recovered, I raced to the counter and presented the issue proudly in front of the cashier, as if I were showing off a picture of my boyfriend. I almost melted as I scanned the pages of this gorgeous hunk of man. He is good looking, hairy, and best of all, hung and uncut. His dick almost looks too big to handle, but I'd die trying to worship that special hooded sausage. I would love to be in that pool with him and as he lounged on that raft and gently take his foreskin inbetween my lips and caress its every fold before enveloping him in my mouth. Even Sebastian's hands turn me on. They are big and masculine. Enclosed please find my subscription for FQ. I don't know why I didn't sign up sooner - I guess it was an excuse to cruise the porn shop when I went in to buy my issue. And while I'll continue that happy pastime, I'll look forward to a guaranteed issue of FQ every time. Keep putting hot models like Sebastian in FQ, please!

RHA
California

FQ letters

(continued)

"...slip my tongue under the hood and suck the head, which felt like warm, smooth marble."



Hey guys, this is the kind of feedback we like! Sebastian affected me in much the same way he did you. The spread on Sebastian has been well-received. It helps us to choose the models when we hear from our readers about what kind of guys they like, so keep those cards and letters coming.

Dear FQ,

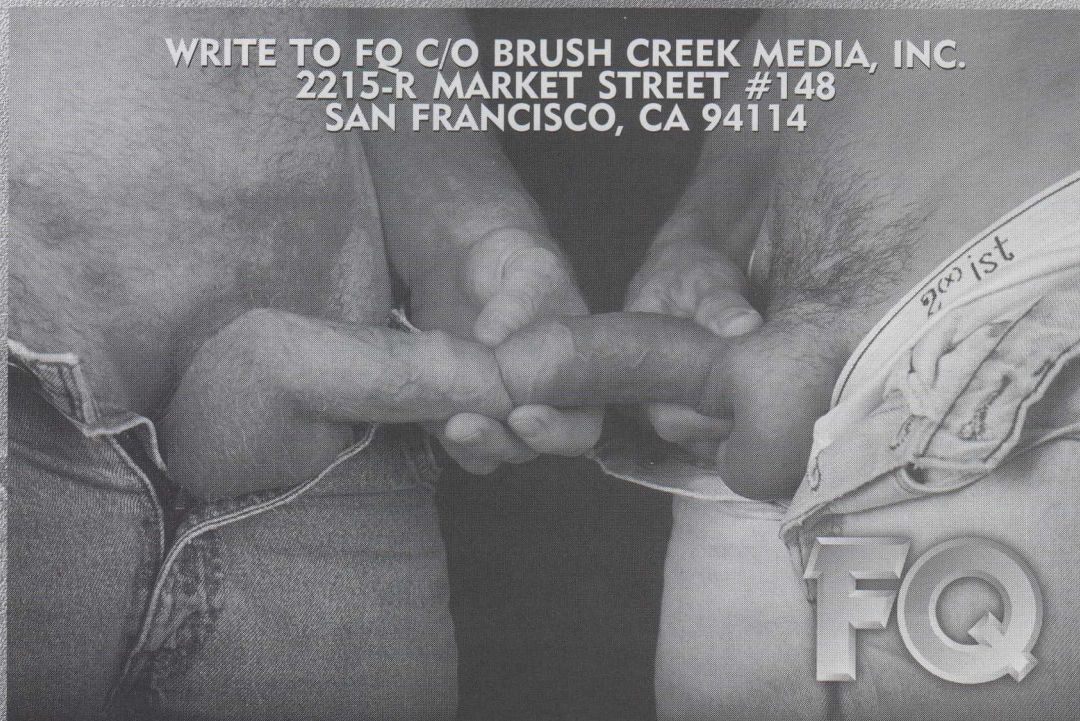
I worked with a young, husky Spaniard at an auto body shop. He was bi, but after some good whiskey after the shop was closed, he'd let me suck him off. This happened about two or three times a month during the time we worked together. He had a large dick with a wonderfully full, hanging foreskin. I loved to get on my knees and slip my tongue under his hood and then expose and suck the head which felt like smooth, warm marble. He was fired for dealing drugs on the premises. I found out later he was dealing and prostituting to support his own habit. A few years later, I ran into him in a hustler bar and after a few drinks, he again let me into his pants in the alley behind the bar. I was dismayed to find that his foreskin was gone! He said that he had gotten involved with a man who offered him a great deal of money to be circumcised. Since my friend needed the money to support his habit, he agreed. He told me that he was taken to a fancy

apartment and made to slowly strip and dance in front of a small audience of men. He was then bound hand and foot to a structure like a cross and had a large clamp applied to his foreskin. They gave him a shot of Novocain and ritually sliced off his cock hood. The audience stood in a circle and most of them masturbated while the procedure was being done. My friend felt degraded and humiliated being used like that. He was very depressed over the whole incident and even attempted suicide because of it. I'm writing to you to let your readers know that no matter what, don't do something that is irreversible and will affect your whole being. My friend was mutilated for the enjoyment of others, and now he must live with his irrational decision.

Paul
New York

Thank you for sharing your friend's unfortunate story. It is a sad commentary on our society that people will mutilate others for their own fleeting enjoyment. The bigger picture, however, is that your friend deal with his addiction problems and the loss of part of his body. He should feel lucky that the incident only ended with the loss of a foreskin, not of his life, as it sounds as if he was dealing with some very sick individuals. 

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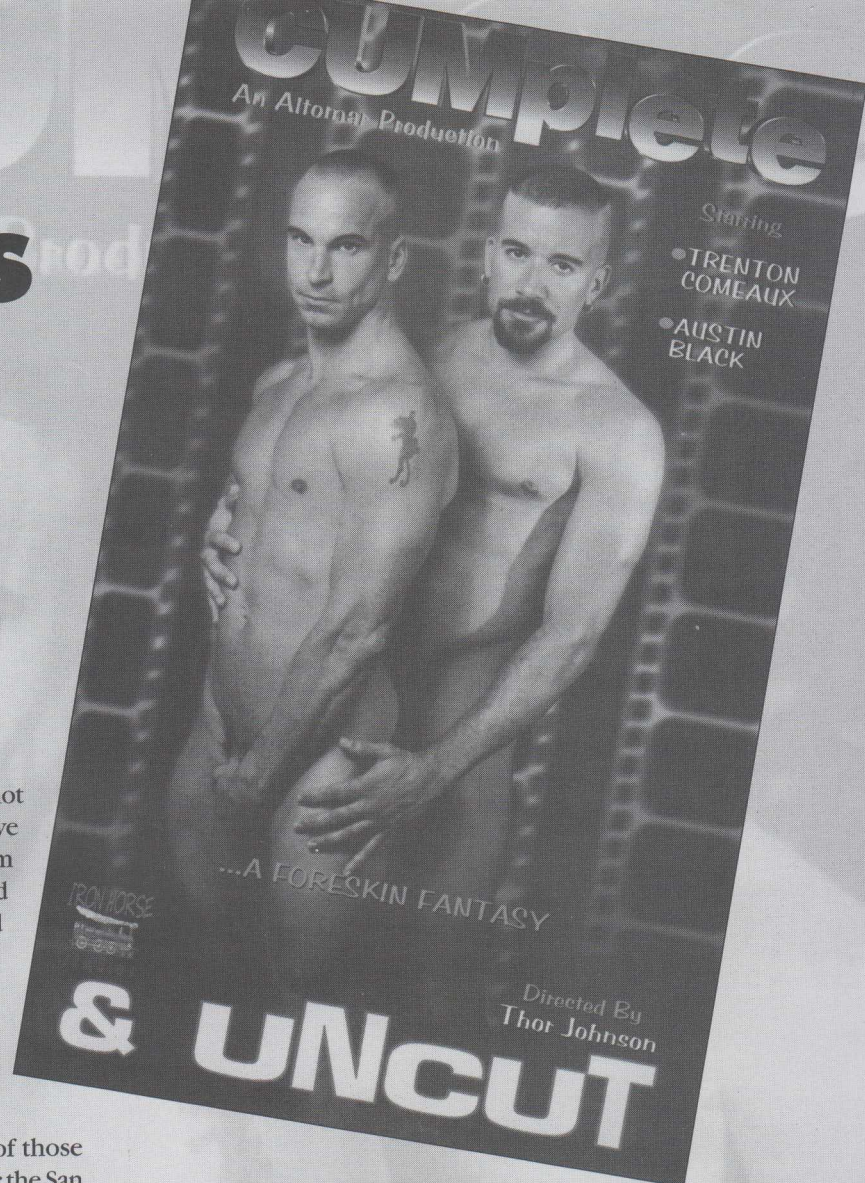
Strangers on a Train

This film is an unusual cross between being hot and being "not." Usually, porn films either have you rubbing your crotch or yawning. This film will eventually have you doing both. Directed by Thor Johnson, for Iron Horse Studios and distributed by Altomar, this production doesn't really gain the momentum of a hard-dick-in-your-hand film.

It starts out with an incredibly well-done graphic title written in cum. OK, it's probably that sugary stuff that comes with those cinnamon rolls in a tube, but it sure looks like some stud spent a lot of time and jizz writing each of those letters. The film opens with Austin Black boarding a train for the San Francisco Bay Area. Austin is a hot man with dark puppy dog eyes that can melt you. He finds a seat in an empty car and before you know it, the intense Trenton Comeaux has taken the seat directly facing him. Then, after minimal conversation, Austin invites Trenton to an orgy AND gives him a place to stay over the upcoming Halloween weekend. Then Austin reads Trenton some of his poetry and they decide to have sex. We should all be so lucky. Since Trenton oozes sexuality, I'm surprised a car and frequent flyer miles weren't thrown in as part of the deal to keep this stud happy.

Trenton and Austin saunter downstairs to the train's restroom. As they slide the door shut, the tiny stainless steel cubicle is magically transformed into a luxurious bedroom, worthy of any home magazine, complete with lighted candles. The ensuing scene is one of the best I've seen in a long time. These two hunks seem genuinely attracted to each other and slowly enjoy each others bodies. The pacing of their encounter cast an aura of relaxation that is rare in porn. Sinking into the soft bed amidst numerous pillows, they explore and suck on each other at length before Austin fucks Trenton, who seems to thoroughly enjoy being topped. It is a minor point that Austin is cut, but considering the name of the movie, it may be slightly disappointing for the foreskin worshippers who might expect every actor in it to have a cock hood.

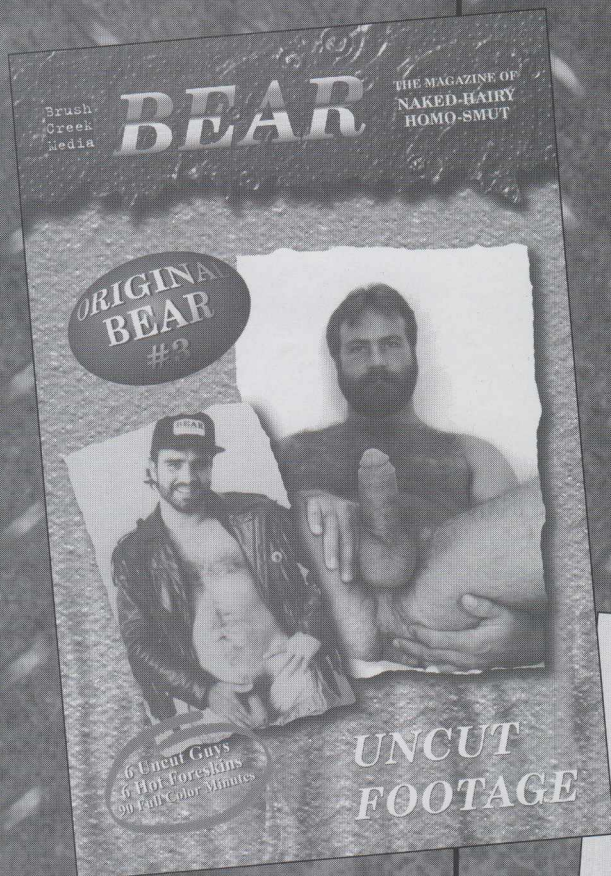
The film now cuts to Halloween on Castro Street with the pair trying to get through the crowd to the orgy. Way too much screen



VIDEO REVIEW

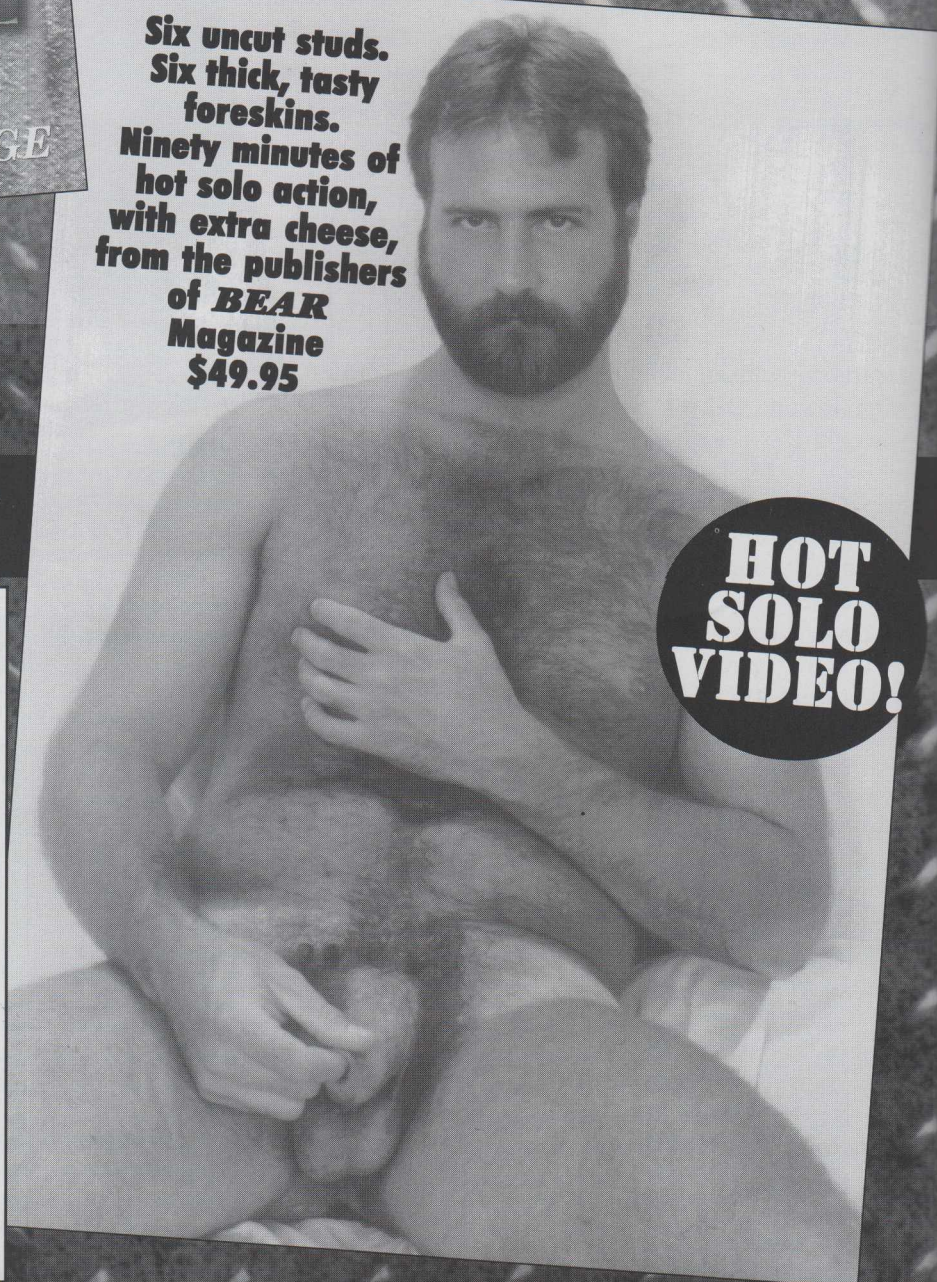
time is spent on the street scene. When you've seen one Bette Davis drag queen, that's enough. Why the director found it necessary to show multiples is beyond me. Spend the time on the sex, 'cause that's what a porn movie is all about, isn't it?

As sublime as the bedroom scene was, the second (and LAST) scene falls apart. Six men of various ages and types are having sex at a wall which is made of flimsy cardboard pieces stapled together. Aren't gay men always stereotyped as decorators? One look at this set dispels that myth. It appears that in order to make up for the lack of numerous sex scenes, the director has gone for the numbers in this scene, but his choice is poor since no one seems too interested in each other and the sex is mostly solo and tepid. Austin Black spends the entire time wearing safety goggles. Is he still in his Halloween costume or is it for safe sex? The movie just ends without explanation. There is not even a minimal attempt to connect the storyline. The first half is hot, the rest of it is lukewarm, but it's worth checking out for the bedroom scene alone. **FO**



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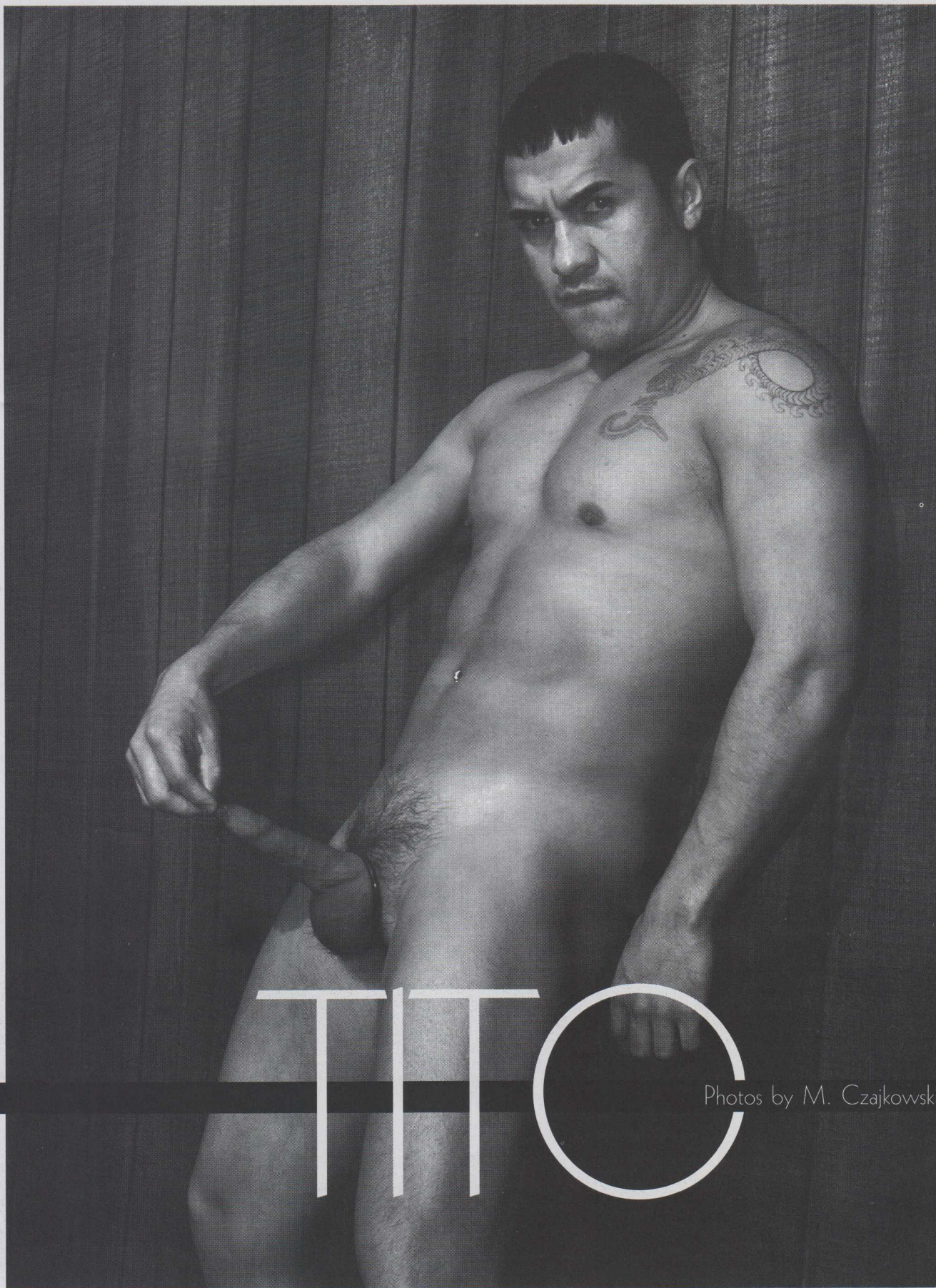
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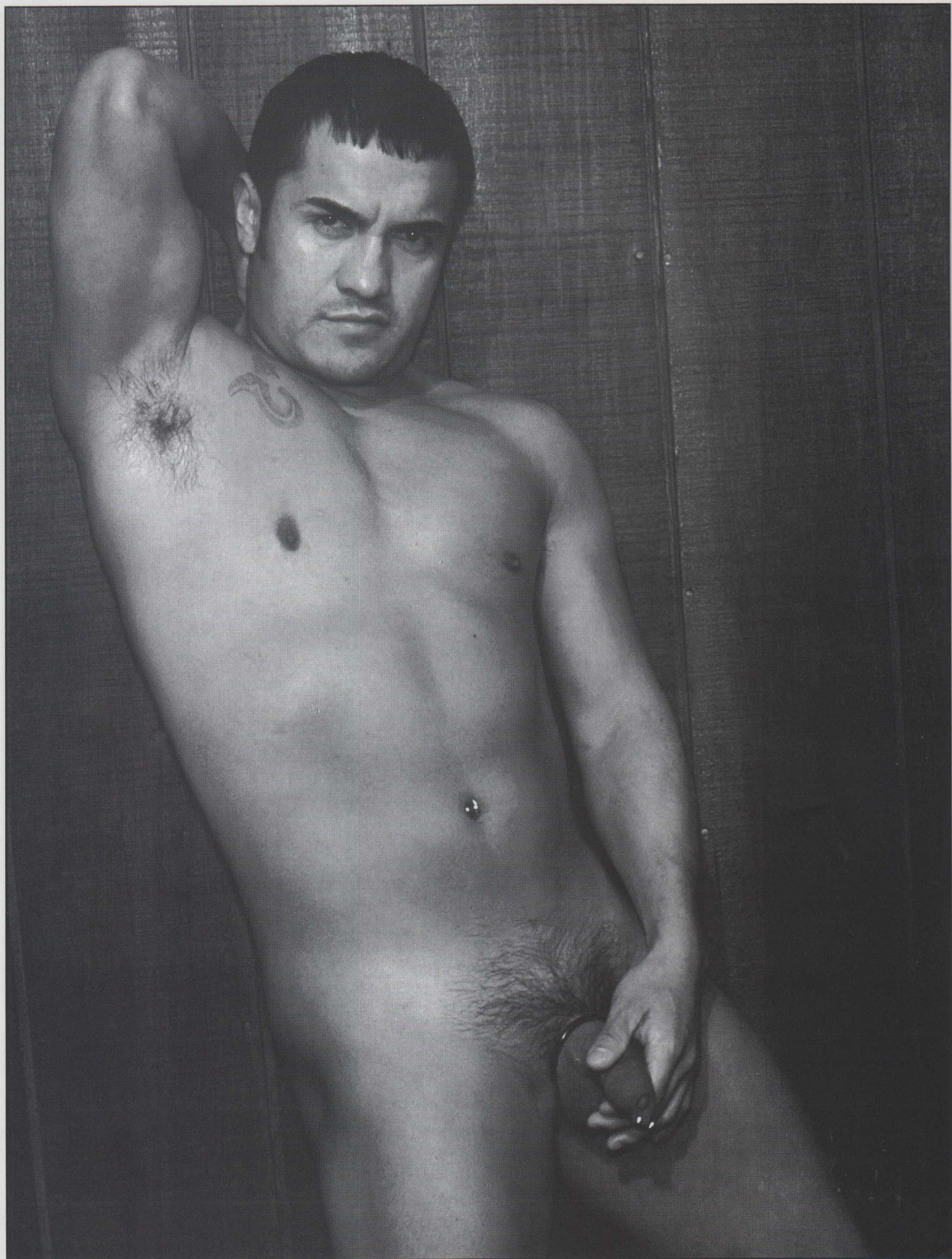
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Photos by M. Czajkowski











SERGEANT DAD

FICTION BY JENS HARTMANN

**“THIS HAS GOT TO BE OUR SECRET.
ALL THE WAY TO THE GRAVE.
YOU UNDERSTAND??”**

My head was killing me as I woke up the next morning and peered through swollen eyelids at the numbers on the digital clock next to my bed.

11:06AM.

‘Damn,’ I thought, ‘I overslept!’

I quickly tossed the covers back and was about to jump out of bed when I realized that my father was already gone out of the house by that time on a Saturday morning. It was one of his days at the gym, in addition to the four afternoons during the week. One of my household duties, since Mom moved out, was to prepare his breakfast before his buddy Hal would pick him up around nine. But why didn’t Dad wake me up? He generally came charging into my room like the drill sergeant that he is and would haul my butt out of the sheets at the crack of dawn.

Last night’s encounter flooded my mind. Did I really jack my father off twice while he was drunk? I lifted my right hand up to my nose. Yeah! It wasn’t a dream! The smell of my father’s sperm was still on my skin. I felt a new warmth in my groin. My dick was hardening again. I wrapped my hand around the base of my cock and began to massage it as I licked the hardened crumbs of Dad’s pungent semen off of my hand. Then I erupted...

Dad sat quietly at the table. He hadn’t said a word to me since he came home about thirty minutes ago. His eyes avoided mine. I got up and brought him another bottle of beer. I was afraid to start a conversation. After all, what happened between us last night was not the usual ‘father/son’ thing. It was incest, or at least bordered on it.

Dad lifted the last forkful to his mouth. He lifted the paper napkin up to his mouth and for the first time our eyes met. He stared at me for a moment and then quickly turned away. For the first time in my life I saw my father ashamed. The silent cleft between us was horrible.

“About last night.” The sudden sentence cut into the tomb-like silence like a chainsaw. Dad cleared his throat and laid the napkin down on his plate. Then he froze.

“I’m sorry, Dad,” I retorted. My head hung down. My chin rested on my chest. I was staring at my empty plate. “I didn’t mean to do it.”

“It shouldn’t have happened,” he answered, “What we done together was not right.”

“I know.” I was ashamed of myself, too. Suddenly it didn’t seem like such a hot encounter after all. *Damn!*

“I mean, a father don’t generally let his boy play with him in the way I let you do with me last night when I was drunk, son.”

“I realize that Dad.” What else could I say?

“We can’t tell no one,” he added, “you understand?”

“Yeah.” I wasn’t *going* to tell anyone.

“I mean, this has got to be our secret. All the way to the grave. You understand?”

“Yes sir!”

“If your mother ever got wind of this, she’d have the cops on my ass in no time.”

“I know.”

“And you’d have to go live with her. Even though you’re nineteen already.”

"Yeah." *Shit, anything but that!*

"Cause you ain't got a job and no money. You understand?"

"Yes sir!"

"So, go ahead and clear off the table. I'm tired and want to take a nap."

"You want me to fill the tub for you Dad?" I was trying to be a 'good little boy'.

"Naw. I'll take a bath when I wake up."

He got up and walked out of the kitchen. He was still wearing his dark red workout trunks and gray-toned tee-shirt. His ripe sweat permeated the small kitchen, but I was too depressed to think on sex at the moment. I want to emphasize that I am *not* feminine. Shit, I played football the entire time I was in school, but right now, I wanted to sit down in the middle of the floor and bawl like a baby. I had ruined the good relationship that my father and I had had together. Just because I couldn't control my lust. *Please let the damn earth open up and swallow me!*

"Robert!"

Dad's voice startled me as I was piling the dirty dishes into the kitchen sink.

"Yeah Dad?" What was the matter now? Was I going to get another lecture?

"Come here, son."

I walked down the tiny hallway with lead feet. It was like going to my own execution.

"Yes sir?" I said, standing at the foot of my father's double bed.

The thin light blue blanket was pulled up to just under his breast. He was still wearing his gray tee-shirt. But I noticed his red trunks laying in a crumpled heap on the floor next to his bed.

"Robert," he began, "come here, boy." He patted the edge of the bed, indicating for me to sit down. "I don't want you to get the wrong idea, son."

"Yes sir?"

"You realize what happened last night was wrong. It shouldn't happen again."

"It won't, sir."

"I want you to know that I'm not mad at you, okay?"

"You're not?"

"Not in the least." He paused. "And I want you to know that it won't ruin our relationship. At least not from my side."

"Really?" I was relieved.

"Hell," he said, "you're my one and only son, Robert. So you were a little curious about your old man's pole. No big deal, okay?" He placed his big hand on my shoulder. "I love you and always will. I want you to know that, Robert." He paused again. "Come on and cuddle up to me like you used to do when you was real little. Hell, you're still my little boy, man! No matter how big you are!"

I felt like a huge stone was lifted off of my shoulders hearing my old man say that! I crawled up next to him and laid my head on his broad chest. I could hear my father's heart beating. It was a good heart. His callused hand reached under my tee-shirt and began to rub up and down my back. I savored the moment of this new bonding between Dad and me.

"Tell me," my father finally spoke up again after a long period of quietude, "what are your feelings about what happened last night? I mean, you haven't said much about it, except a few 'yes sirs', and 'I know sirs'."

"I don't know what to say."

I sat up and leaned my head against the headboard.

"What are your feelings about what happened last night?" Dad repeated.

"I wish it never happened."

Dad paused a few minutes.

"Is that the truth, son? Or are you lying to cover-up your feelings?"

"Are you ashamed of me because I like guys?" I asked, trying to evade his question.

"No Robert," he replied, "I'm not ashamed of you." Then he paused again. "But do me a favor and don't go around telling everybody on the base that you're gay. I mean, the kidding I'll get from the other sergeants will be fighting words for me!" He reached up and lovingly rustled my hair. "I'll be damned, if I don't got me a queer for a son!"

"I don't like to be called that," I exclaimed. "I'm just as masculine as the next guy!"

"Just joking with you son. Just joking!"

With that, he pulled me back down on him and began tickling me like he used to when I was six years old. I *felt* like I was six years old at that moment. And I liked it.

"Now," he began again, after he let me go, "you still ain't answered my question. I want to know what your feelings are about what happened last night."

"You won't get mad at what I say?"

"I promise!" Dad held up his hand like a good Boy Scout.

"Until I saw how down you were this morning, it was the hottest experience of my life!"

"It was?"

"Yes sir! You are my perfect man, Dad. And finally getting to get a look at your big dick was the ultimate fantasy for me."

"I guess that's a compliment, isn't it," Dad said, "hmmm. And you really liked looking at your old man's dick?"

"Yes sir!" I was getting braver. "I've whacked off plenty of times thinking about what you must look like naked."



"So, so," Dad answered, "tell me about some of them fantasies. I'm curious!"

"It's too embarrassing. I couldn't."

There was that silence again.

"You know what?" my father finally asked, "I'll let you in on a little secret. But you gotta swear that you'll never tell a living soul. You swear it?"

"Yeah. I swear it."

"Last night wasn't the first time I ever had an experience like that. I mean, having another guy finish me off."

I felt my Dad's big muscular arm wrap around my shoulder. The sweaty odor of his damp armpits drifted up into my nostrils. Hearing my Dad admit that he's messed around before was causing my young nineteen year old cock to fill out. I was horny again.

"Damn," I replied, "I'd like to hear about that!"

"It happened when I was a young recruit. I was still in Boot Camp. I was particularly horny that weekend and my bunk buddy jacked me off. Nothing more to it."

"Just once?"

"Every once and a while, until Boot Camp was over with. Then I never saw him again. He got thrown out of the Army for being a queer."

"Wow! That sounds rough. I mean being thrown out and all."

"Yeah, especially since his father was a general or something. It was a major scandal. You know what I mean?"

"Sounds like it," I replied, "was that all he did to you, I mean, jack you off?"

"Now remember," Dad continued, "what I'm telling you is a secret." I nodded 'yes'.

"He blew me a few times, too."

My dick was as hard as it could possibly get. Just imagining another guy going down on my father's thick uncut fuck-pole was enough to bring me to near orgasm. I looked down to where my father's cock was and noticed that the thin blanket was beginning to rise.

"Damn," I said, "that sounds fuckin' hot!"

"Hey," Dad retorted, "where'd you learn such dirty words?"

"Dad? I think you're forgetting that I just turned nineteen."

"Just don't talk like that in front of your Mom. She'd have a heart attack and then blame me for learnin' you them to you!"

"Hey Dad," I said, pointing down to the tent that his fat erect dick had created in the meantime, "looks like you're horny again!"

"It sure does," he chuckled.

Then he paused.

"And I am," he said in a half-whisper.

"Yeah. I can see."

"Robert," Dad began. I could detect a certain nervousness in his husky voice. "You feel like taking care of your old man again?"

"But I thought you said it wasn't the right thing to do?"

"I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET. BUT YOU GOTTA SWEAR THAT YOU'LL NEVER TELL A LIVING SOUL. YOU SWEAR IT?"

"YEAH. I SWEAR IT."

"LAST NIGHT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME I EVER HAD AN EXPERIENCE LIKE THAT. I MEAN, HAVING ANOTHER GUY FINISH ME OFF."

"Robert," he answered, "I've been thinking the whole time we've been talking. You're already past nineteen. You confessed that you like men. You told me that you find me to be the hottest man around for you. Damn it, son. I don't have a girl-friend!"

Dad looked at me with his big blue eyes. *Hell yeah, I wanted to do him!*

"Son," he continued, "you know what it's like. You got balls, too. Hell, mine work overtime. They just keep on producing sperm and it needs to get out. You know, like milking a cow. If you don't milk your balls on a constant basis, they get to hurting real bad." His eyes were pleading with me. "Mine are hurting *real* bad!"

I didn't say anything. I lifted up the blanket and fully exposed my father's huge erect prick. He wasn't wearing underwear.

"Damn," I exclaimed, "you've got the biggest and hottest looking dick I've ever seen."

"It's yours son," he whispered, "do whatever you want with it. Go ahead. Make your old man feel good. Make him feel *real* good!"

"I want to see you totally naked first Dad! Can I finish undressing you?" He smiled.

I rolled his tight gray cotton shirt up over his well-developed torso. He lifted his arms and allowed me to pull the tee-shirt off. I held the moist shirt up to my nose and inhaled my old man's rich sweat aroma.

"What are you doing, son?"

"Smelling you, Dad."

"Why don't you come and smell the real thing?" he said, lifting his big muscular arms up and exposing both of his densely haired armpits, "I ain't showered yet, son. I think you'll like what you smell."

I dove my face into the nearest hair-covered pit and began to inhale deeply. My father smelled like a real man. Especially after a long workout at the gym. His musk was intoxicating. My dick was jerking in my pants. I sucked in a tuft of my father's dark colored pit hair and drank his heady sweat in like it was the finest champagne. It tasted sour and pungent.

His hand found its way to my hard dick. *He was rubbing his son's erect cock through his jeans.* My underpants were sopping wet. I never thought anything could feel this good!

"It looks like you take after you old man, Robert," Dad exclaimed, "How about taking your clothes off, too, son!"

I immediately pulled my face out of his wet armpit and began undoing the front of my jeans. Dad reached under my tee-shirt and pulled it off for me. I got off of the bed and slid my jeans off. The front of my white briefs stood out like a pup-tent.

"Damn, boy! By the looks of your hard-on, you sure are horny after your old man, aren't you? Come over here!"

I stepped over to my father. He slid his thumbs under the elastic band of my briefs and slid them down my legs. My rock-hard dick slapped against my hairless belly with a loud smack. White pre-cum juice squirted out and landed on the blue blanket on my father's bed.

"Damn," my Dad said with a chuckle, "you sure are a horny little son of a bitch! You got stains all over the damn blanket!"

I was more interested in something else. I looked down at my father's prick and saw that it was leaking what looked like a river of dick-snot.

I cupped his huge swollen balls with my free hand. Damn, they were heavy! All full of my father's hot sperm. Sperm that was aching to get out. Aching so bad, it was hurting him.

I squeezed his left testicle in my hand. He groaned in pleasure. I tried taking both of his fat baby-factories in my hand, but it wasn't easy. Dad's testicles were over-sized. Daddy had balls that a king would be envious of.

"Beautiful son, just beautiful!" he exclaimed, as he watched me slowly massaging his erect rod and playing with his nuts, "Fuckin' beautiful, man!"

His piss-slit oozed another copious wad of snot unto my hand. I smeared it all over his spongy dick-head, using it as a lubricant for jacking off I was giving him.

"I'm close to cummin', son!"

I didn't want him to ejaculate yet. I wanted to take his big fat leaking Daddy dick into my mouth. I wanted to suck on my Dad's cock. I wanted to blow my own father!

"DAD," I BEGAN, STILL MASSAGING HIS FAT THROBBING POLE AND KNEADING HIS FULL BALLS, "I WANT TO TAKE YOUR THICK UNCUT DICK IN MY MOUTH. I WANT TO SWALLOW YOUR COCK DOWN TO THE HAIRS!"

"Just as horny as you Dad!" I retorted, and crawled back on the bed. I wanted to get at his thick throbbing dick.

"Go ahead, Robert," my father said with a grin on his face, "that fucker's all yours from now on, son!"

I positioned myself between my father's thick hairy thighs and wrapped my trembling hand around the corpulent pole of meat. My father moaned. I slowly worked the fleshy foreskin back until the leaking piss-slit was in view. I touched the wad of white dick-snot with the tip of finger and pulled back, creating a long thin glistening string. And then it snapped. Half of his pre-cum landed on his large balls. The other half was glued to my finger. I stuck my tongue out and tasted my father's pre-cum fluid. He watched.

"Damn it son," he sighed, "that looks so fuckin' hot, seeing my own son licking his old man's dick-snot off of his fingers!"

I wanted to see my Dad's fat dick-head in broad daylight. I slowly worked the long foreskin all the way back until the purple-colored mushroom head of my father's horse-dick was fully nude.

"You like that?" my father asked.

"Yeah!" I whispered.

"Then play with it, like you did last night."

I began to move the man's fleshy foreskin up and down. Dad leaned all the way back and rested his head on the palms of his hand. He was completely nude. Yeah, I was seeing my father totally naked for the first time in my life. And he was hotter than hell!

"Do something for me son!" he groaned.

"What Dad?"

"Go ahead and play with my balls. I like my big balls played with. You didn't do that last night, as far as I can remember, son."

"Yeah, son," he sighed again, "you keep up in that pace, and you're gonna get a nice load of your Daddy's semen!"

"I don't want you to shoot yet Dad," I said nervously.

I was hoping that I wasn't pushing my limits. I mean, jacking his dick off was one thing, but actually blowing him was another. That really was incest. *Mom would shit, if she saw us now!*

"Why not son? I'm so damn close!"

"I want to do something real special, Dad," I said, trying to be brave.

"What son," he whispered.

"That is, if you'll let me."

"What is it son? What do you want to do to me?"

"Dad," I began, still massaging his fat throbbing pole and kneading his full balls, "I want to take your thick uncut dick in my mouth. I want to swallow your cock down to the hairs!" *There, I said it!*

"Damn," Dad exclaimed.

His eyes were suddenly as large as saucers.

"Don't say that, son! Just hearing you say that you want to suck on my dick is pushing me on the verge of shooting! That's too fuckin' wild, Robert! Damn! My own son sucking on my dick! Shiit!"

I didn't listen to his ranting. I gripped the bulky root of his prick and pointed the meaty shaft in the direction of my hungry mouth. I stuck my tongue out and flicked at the sticky odorous piss-slit. The head of my old man's dick stunk from the two ejaculations of last night. But it was a good stink. A smell that was driving me insane with lust for his fuck-pole.

"Son, this ain't right!"

I didn't pay attention to him. I began licking the glistening pissy head of his dick. Dad moaned. His head was telling him it was wrong, but the sensations on the purple head of his prick was screaming for orgasm. An orgasm in the mouth of his only son.

"Oh *fuuuuck!*" he slurred, and covered his eyes with his big right hand. Evidently it was too much for him to watch what his son was doing to his thick fuck-muscle.

I licked his raunchy ripe dick-head clean. He began thrusting upward with his hips. Dad was about to shoot. I tightened my grip around the base even more. The fat reproductive organ literally throbbed in my hand. The veins on the shaft were swollen. They looked like they were about to burst. In a few seconds my old man's massive cock was a deep dark purple. My vise-like grip had stopped his approaching orgasm.

"Fuck son!" Dad leaned up on his elbows, "what the hell did you do? I was cummin'!"

"I told you, I didn't want you to cum yet Dad!"

"*Shiiit!*" he groaned, as he fell back on the bed.

I lowered my mouth down onto his dark-hued cock-head and sucked the entire mushroom-like gland in like a vacuum. Yes! I finally had my father's dick in my mouth! I wrapped my tongue around the spongy ridge and began to masturbate him lingually. My old man groaned like a dog in heat. I grabbed his huge bull balls again and stretched the skin of his floppy ball-bag until it was about to rip. Then I began kneading them like two orbs of dough. I was driving my old man crazy. He was bucking upwards with his hips. He was getting close to cumming again. It won't take much.

I wanted to swallow as much of my father's dick as I could. My lips hungrily hugged the corpulent shafted as I slowly worked my way down. The organ was too thick and too long. I began to gag and had to release it. Dad was so turned on at this point, that he placed both of his hands on the top of my head and forced me back down into his crotch. I opened my mouth again and swallowed the bulky piece of meat, this time a little bit deeper. I could feel the glans-head pressing against the back of my throat. I tried to relax, so that the head of the massive organ could slide past my tonsils. Yeah, I could feel my father's swollen dick-head pushing past my tonsils. And then my nose was buried in his sweaty dark pubic bush. I had swallowed the entire length of my old man's over-sized uncut cock!

"*Fuuuck!*" I heard him grunt. I had my eyes closed now and was enjoying his dick. My nose was entombed in the dense growth of musky crotch hair. My hands were busy massaging and tugging on his balls. Sounds of pleasure were escaping out of Dad's throat that I had never heard of before. I bobbed up and down on the long girthy pole. I was at the point that I *wanted* him to shoot. Yeah, I wanted my old man to finally shoot his sperm deep into my mouth. I wanted him to shoot the same semen into me that originally created me. *Shoot Daddy! Damn it, shoot it into me!*

"*Shiiit!*" he slurred, as his big heavy hands held the back of my head like vice, "oh shiiit! I'm cummin'! *Aw shiiit!*"

My father was cumming! He was going to shoot his big heavy load of military sperm into my throat. I was going to finally get to taste my father's semen! *Yeah, Daddy! Do it, man, do it!*

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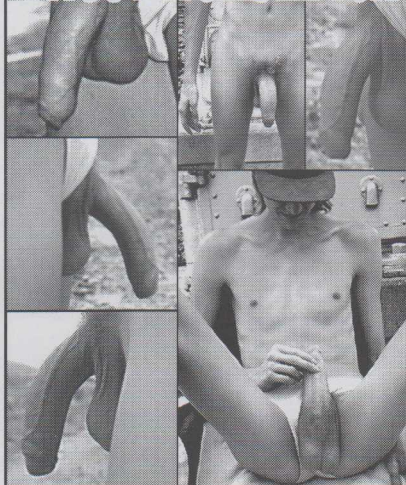
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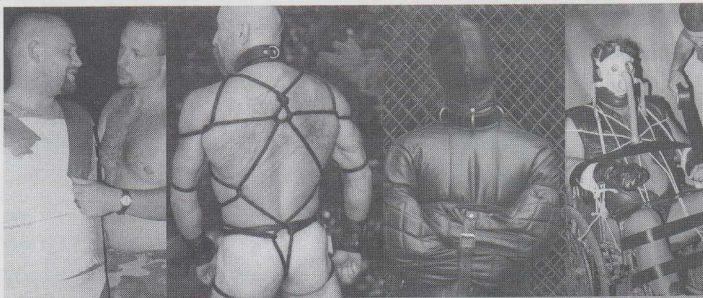
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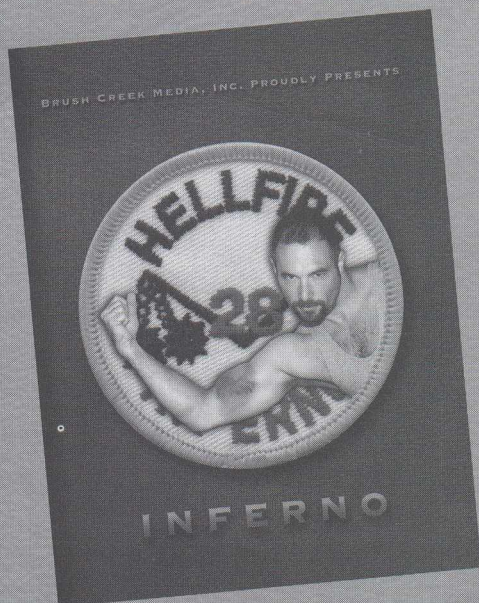
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I could feel the head of his massive pole suddenly expand. It jerked. A river of hot searing Daddy sperm splattered against the back of my throat. His prick erupted again and jetted out another rope of semen. Another jerk. Another stream of hot military sperm. Another and another. His balls were unloading so much semen, that it began to leak out of the sides of my mouth, dripping unto his hairy thighs. Another eruption. Another wad of thick rich cream slapped my throat. And then it was over. My father had cum. My Daddy shoot his hot copious load deep into his son's mouth. Dad unloaded his balls into my throat. And now he was spent. I had drained my old man's testicles!

His hands relaxed on the top of my head. I could feel his dick beginning to soften in my throat. I didn't ever want to let go. I wanted this man's cock to remain in my mouth for all eternity. I wanted my father to never let me go.

"Aw shiiit!" I finally heard him sigh, "Damn, Robert! That was the all-time best fuckin' blow-job that I had ever had in all of my life."

I was happy. I had satisfied my Daddy. Now he'll always keep me by him.

"Damn it son. I never thought something like this could feel so fuckin' good!"

He began stroking my hair. His dick was totally soft now. I began sucking on it like a baby on its mother's tit. Dad's hand tried to push me off of his prick. He was sensitive. I respected him and finally let the cock that made me regretfully slide out of my now aching mouth. My throat was beginning to hurt from the fucking it had just received. I lowered my mouth onto the puckered lips of his deflated prick and lovingly kissed it.

"Thanks Dad," I said, sitting up on the edge of his bed.

I think I embarrassed him. His face began to turn red. He grabbed the blanket and covered up his spent nakedness. He was awkwardly silent.

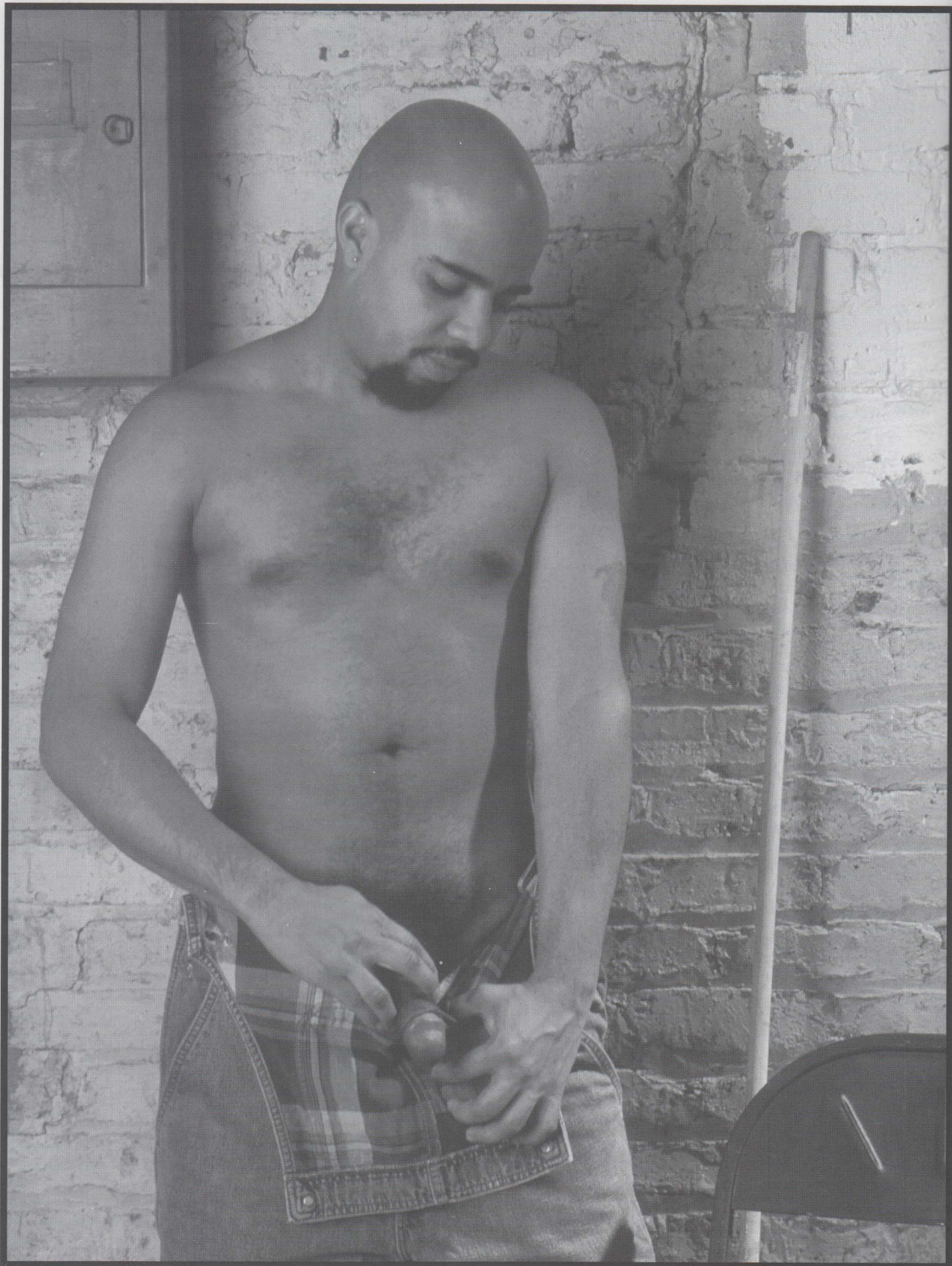
"That was the best a son could ever wish for," I added.

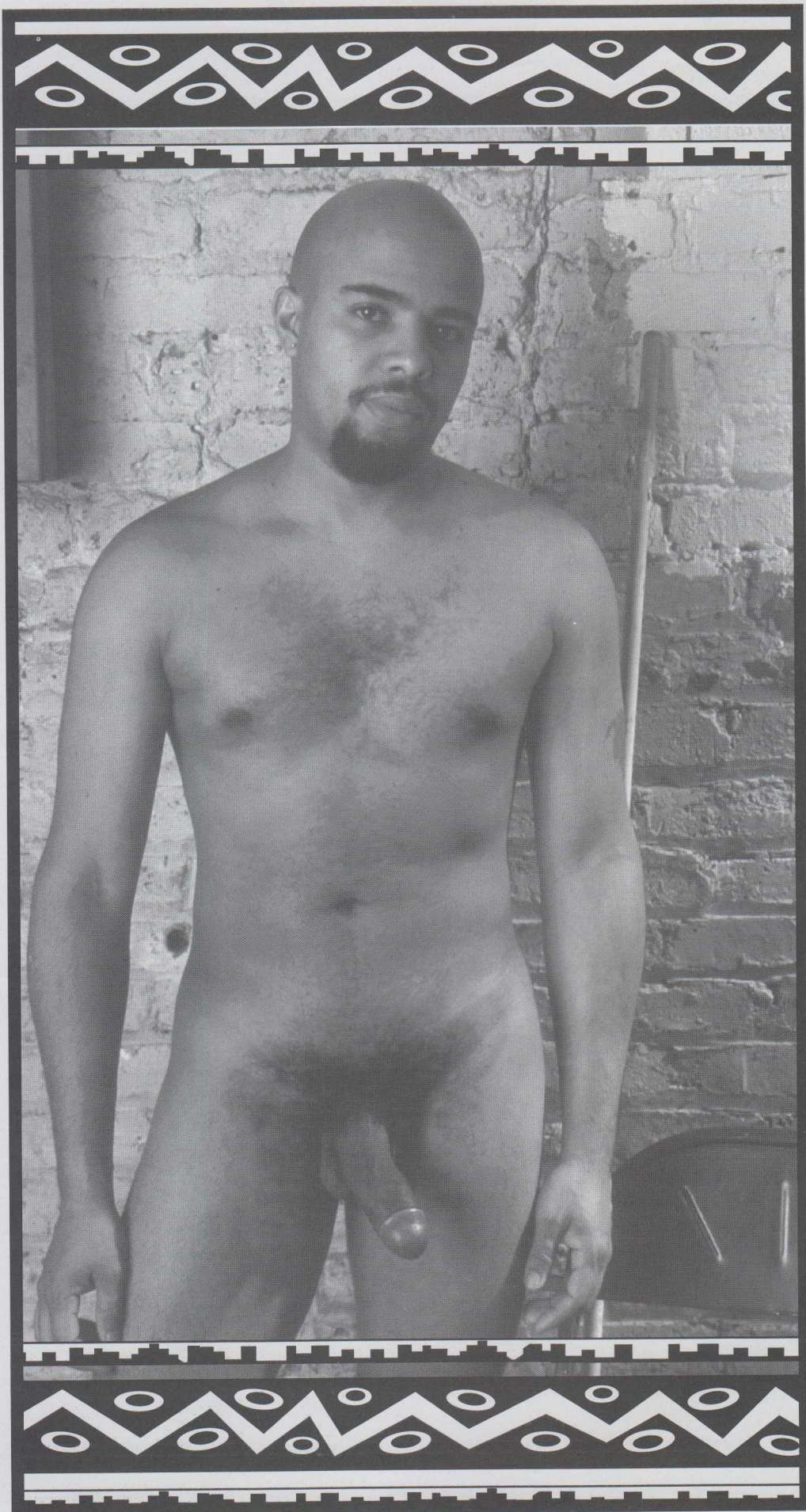
I got up and left the room. I was going to come back.

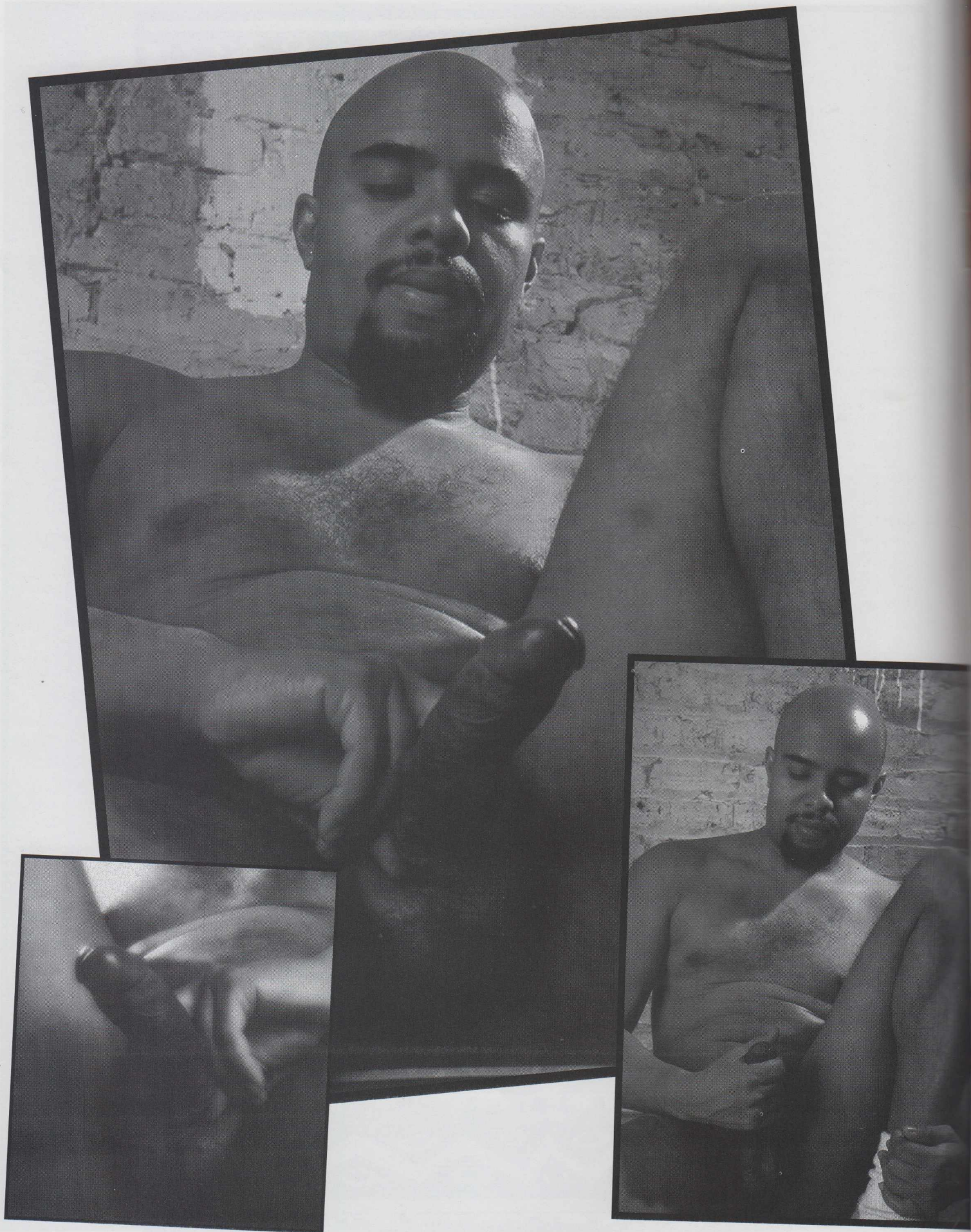
After his nap. **FQ**

MAVRO











Don't expect the pumping to restore your foreskin it won't really do that unless you had a very loose, mobile skin before starting. If you were tightly cut, it will not give you much length. Pumping is fun, but be careful

Have a question for Dr. Wayne?

Direct your inquiries to:

Dr. Wayne

c/o Brush Creek Media

2215-R Market Street, PMB#148

San Francisco, CA 94114.

Q

Please help! I'm 23 years old.

After birth I was chopped up (may the bastard rest in hell). I am one of five boys and the only one that is cut (Can You Believe It?). As a child my older brothers used to shake their uncut dicks at me and rub it in that I was cut. I picked up an issue of FQ last week and read of ways on stretching your skin. You talked about a device that goes over the head and it weights it down, where can I get this? I also have to tell you that my dick is about 8 inches and fat and the head is even fatter. If I put it on how do I keep from getting a hardon? Also there are doctors out there doing sex changes every day. Is there some place in the U.S. I can go to have this done surgically? The faster the better! Please help!!

J.S.

A

It is disgusting and sad to know that you are the only one of five that was cut. I do hear that many times, among brothers, some are cut some are not. Thank goodness as time goes on and people are more aware and learning about the structure and function of the foreskin, the baby boys may be different from their fathers, but they are the whole ones. America may yet have a nation of intact men. It is a shame that you can't sue the doctor and hospital to at least stop them from amputating other boys. There are two devices that are commercially available, The TUGGER/Pud and the FOREBALLS.

Are your brothers envious of your 8 inches and big head or are they also well endowed? At 23 I am sure that any playing with your dick will make it hard, but you will only be putting it on during the day. So hopefully after your morning ablutions perhaps including the expulsion of non dairy creamer, you will be soft enough to put a device on. It may be necessary to start out with some stretching by using tape to hold the shaft skin over the glans so that you will have some loose skin to accommodate the devices. There are also many things you can do to create homemade devices which are less expensive. The book, "The Joy of Uncircumcising..." is a good starting point as it give the basics. The shaft skin of the penis is not like any other tissue on the body, other than the eyelids. So although there are doctors who say they can do a fast job, most of them are looking for guinea pigs to experiment on. In addition you have more scars. I would rather stay away from the knife and do it the safe and

more effective way, by stretching. It does take about a year and half to get coverage, but it is well worth it. It is even fun to have a device in during the day which you can give a twist to and excite you. I have done it and it is fun.

Q

I have been a pumper for the past 3 years and my skin has been stretching. People don't realize that they must start slow. You must have a sincere desire and a regular program. Pumping is a gradual process. Too much pressure can cause blisters and busted veins. More and more people are discovering pumping and we even have a quarterly magazine. It is like trying to regain a foreskin. It can't happen over night. Pumping is more funnier than taping a weight to one's foreskin. It still can't believe that my skin is growing back. I just wish it would stay down. The skin growth takes place after you take the cylinder off. It sometime takes weeks before you notice the new growth. I have a PUD but I stand all day and it is difficult to wear it. I sometimes wear a jock to help support the extra weight. I take a small amount of zinc which I think helps with the growth process. I wish people didn't have to be afraid about their desire. This country lives in fear. Society has made us that way.

Ben, UT

A

As you said, pumping can be dangerous if not done according to the manufacturer's recommendation. Most indicate that a short period of time with a moderate vacuum. The vacuum pump bloats the penile sheath tissue making all of the cells fatter. It fills the cells with fluid during the process and therefore will increase the apparent length of the tissue and covers the glans partially. Although it will increase the apparent diameter of the penis, it is just soft tissue. When erect, the only thing that gets bigger is the corpus cavernosa (the inner core) as it fills with blood. The sheath will also fill with blood, but it does not have a valve to keep the blood from returning as does the corpus cavernosa during sexual excitement. I have seen a number of pumped penises over the years, both in the flesh as well as in pictures. They all seem to have a red-dened and bloated appearance with just part of the head showing. You have commented on how you want the skin to cover the glans. This can only be done by putting traction on

YOUR 'SKINQUIRIES...

the sheath tissue to make it think that you have the longest penis in the world. It will then grow new tissue to accommodate this huge organ. You will then recover the glans completely. A number of intact men have asked if they can get their foreskins down to their knees. Most certainly one can stretch it longer. You put traction on it by some device mentioned below, or do it manually by yourself or with a friend. Manual stretching has to be done every day or hopefully twice a day for about twenty minutes. Fun to say the least. Like pumping, it takes time to see the lengthening of the sheath. It is not as quick as the genital cutting that took it off. The foreskin restoration devices like the PUD (Penile Uncircumcising Device, a cupped cylinder weighing 12-22 oz) now called the TUGGER, or the other foreskin restoration devices like the FOREBALLS (like a barbell, weighing 8-12 oz), the Restore Skin System (using a clip and an elastic to put traction on the penile sheath) or the Second Skin Cones (which push the glans back and stretch the skin with pressure) all stretch the skin forward to increase its length, covering the glans and returning it to an internal state like the tongue. The weighted devices need to be used while standing, that is the *modus operandi* of a weighted device. The RS system and manual stretching can be applied horizontally or vertically or sitting. Don't expect the pumping to restore your foreskin it won't really do that unless you had a very loose, mobile skin before starting. If you were tightly cut, it will not give you much length. Pumping is fun, but be careful because of the problems of over vacuuming and prolonged use at one time.

Q My foreskin has always been tight (I'm 36 years old). The tip of my foreskin seems to be tighter than the rest. I can only pull it back about halfway over the head when I'm hard. I can force it back over the corona with some difficulty and a lot of discomfort. If I cum while the foreskin is behind the corona, I can't get it back over the head until I'm soft again — and I don't go soft for a while. My frenulum is also tight. There have been times during moderately rough sex or a vigorous masturbation session that the frenulum has torn. The tip of my foreskin also gets very irritated. This obviously is very painful and takes several days to heal. I have discussed this with my doctor (an Internist) and he is really pushing for me to get circumcised. This is something I don't want to do! I like being uncut and have met a lot of guys who

are really turned-on by uncut dicks. Many doctors don't consider the pleasure provided by all the nerves and blood vessels in the foreskin, nor do they consider the psychological effects of circumcision/amputation. With all this said here are my questions/concerns: (1) I just bought a foreskin stretcher. Does this work and is it safe? How long do I have to use it before I have a normal foreskin? (2) What other alternative are there for a tight foreskin beside circumcision? (3) Does the stretching device also stretch the frenulum? (4) Should I see another doctor? (5) How do I find a "foreskin-friendly physician?" This must be possible in Los Angeles! I am desperate and want to remain uncut! Thanks in advance for your advice Dr. Wayne, and thanks to E.Q. for putting together an excellent publication! . . .

BR, CA

A We will have talked before this letter is published and I hope I have answered most all of your questions and provided the information you need to keep your foreskin intact and have it working wonderfully. You are very lucky to have a tight foreskin. Many men would like to be in your condition. I get letters and calls frequently that they love their phimosis (tight) foreskins that they cannot retract or don't want to. Tongues and fingers inside of foreskins are delicious to do and feel. I will try to answer your specific questions.

(1) I just bought a foreskin stretcher. Does this work and is it safe? How long do I have to use it before I have a normal foreskin? I understand your concern and the pain that you have in retraction. Dr. Michel Beaugé of France, has written a treatise on how to open the phimosis prepuce lips so that retraction is possible. And he rejects surgery without any reservation. Dr. Beaugé explains that a change in the method of masturbation will assist in stretching the lips of the foreskin and pulling it down further and further over the glans during masturbation will help in this stretching. In a few weeks there should be some relief and stretching of the lips. Another way he recommends is to, after a warm bath/shower with some emollient cream, if you wish, insert the first finger of each hand into the foreskin and stretch sideways, opening the lips up. Keep this up for 10-20 minutes, twice a day if you can, or more if it feels that good. In a few weeks the opening is expanded and will move back and forth over

your erect glans. You can also use a speculum, a surgical instrument used for dilating the nose or other openings of the body. We talked recently about the foreskin stretcher you have. You said that it has a screw to open it up. It is similar to the surgical one, which however has handles like tongs have. Both work. I would prefer just using my fingers, because it would end up with a delightful orgasm. I am sure I could not just stop with stretching the foreskin lips. The other foreskin stretchers that are most commonly talked about are lengthening devices. Foreballs, Tuggers, etc. If you want a longer foreskin to have more fun with you can also get it down to your knees. (Well, if you do it for a long enough time.) (2) What other alternatives are there for a tight foreskin beside circumcision? If you were to go under local anesthetic, you might let them do a dorsal slit, but I wouldn't trust them that close to your unblemished cock. Keep it all in one piece. 3) Does the stretching device also stretch the frenulum? The inner mucosal tissue does not seem to stretch as readily during foreskin restoration as does the sheath tissue. When you are able to pull the opened foreskin back more easily, you can then stretch the frenulum in a more gentle manner and in time and it will lengthen.

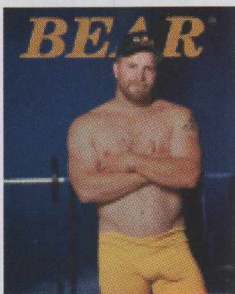
(4) Should I see another doctor? I would not discuss this problem with your doctor anymore. I seems from what you say that he just loves to cut. You might want to get some information from one of the organizations listed in the back to educate him. (5) How do I find a "foreskin-friendly physician?" This must be possible in Los Angeles! NORM has a list of foreskin friendly doctors. You can contact them for a physician in your area. You should be able to get a fully retractable foreskin without a doctor's help. Maybe a few friends to help would be much more exciting and make your foreskin work wonderfully. ☺

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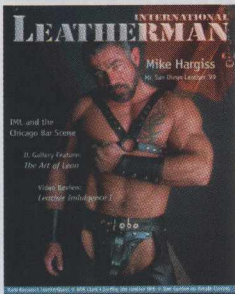
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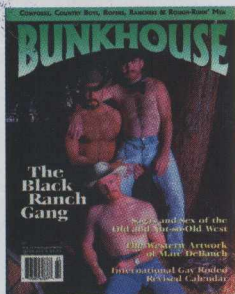
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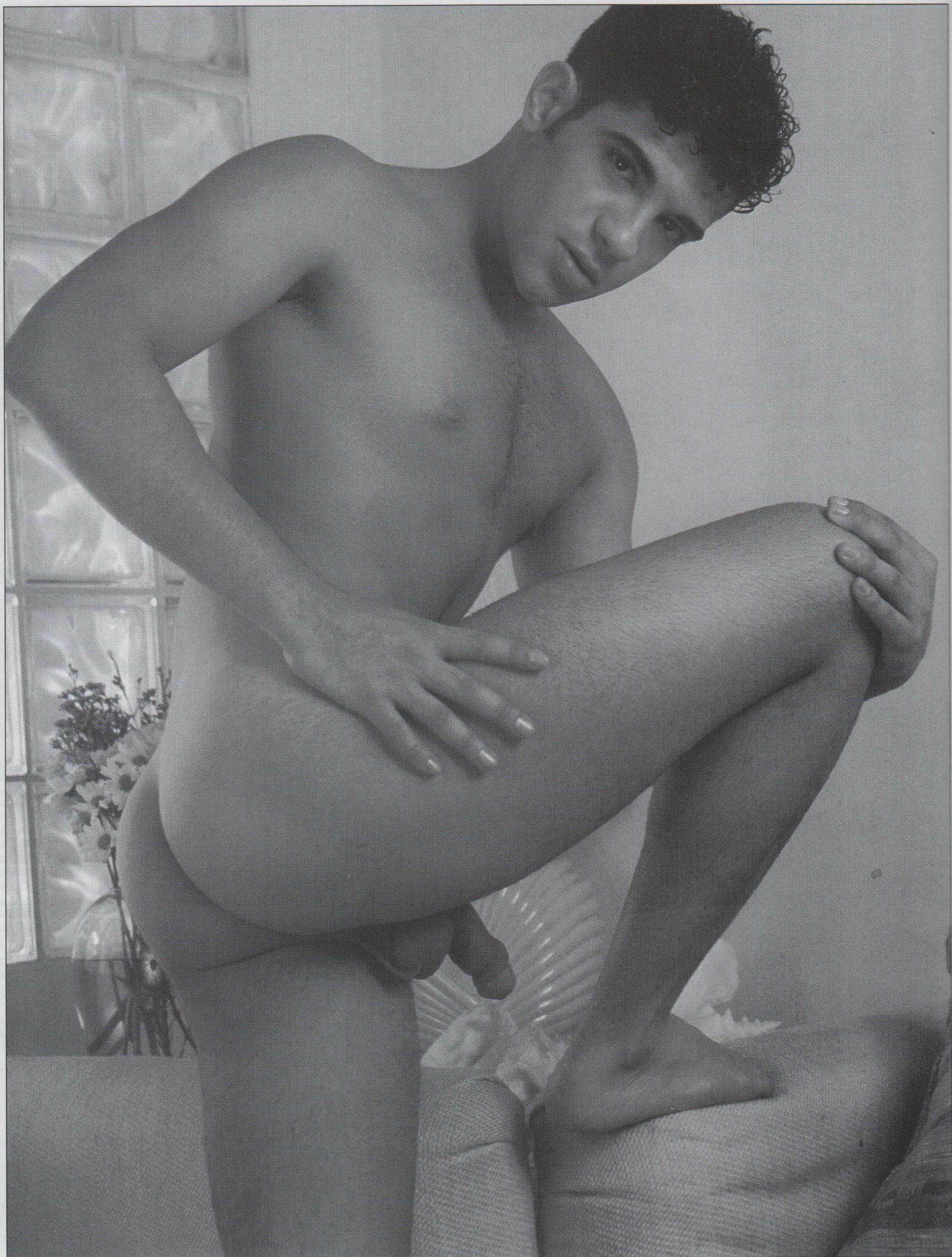
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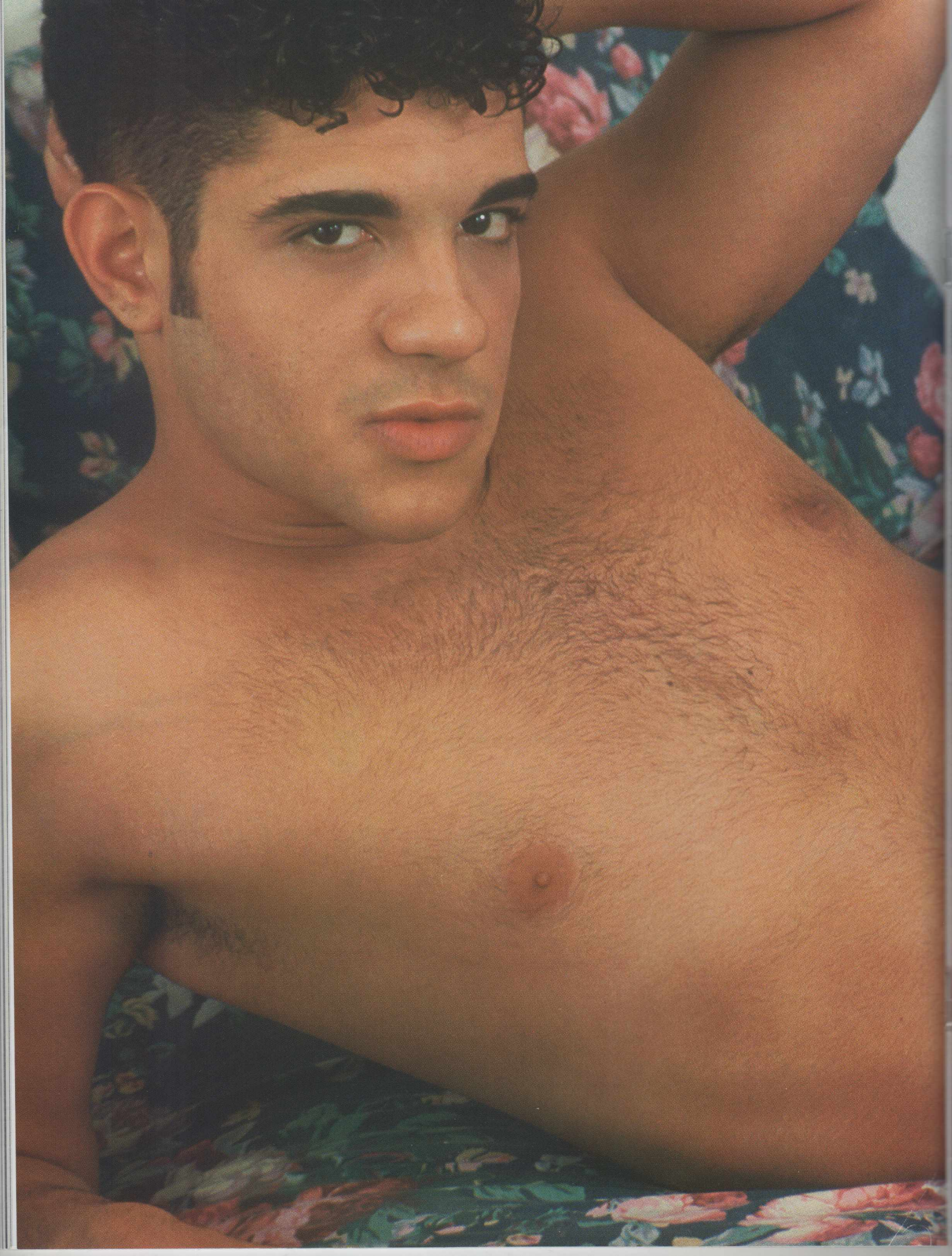
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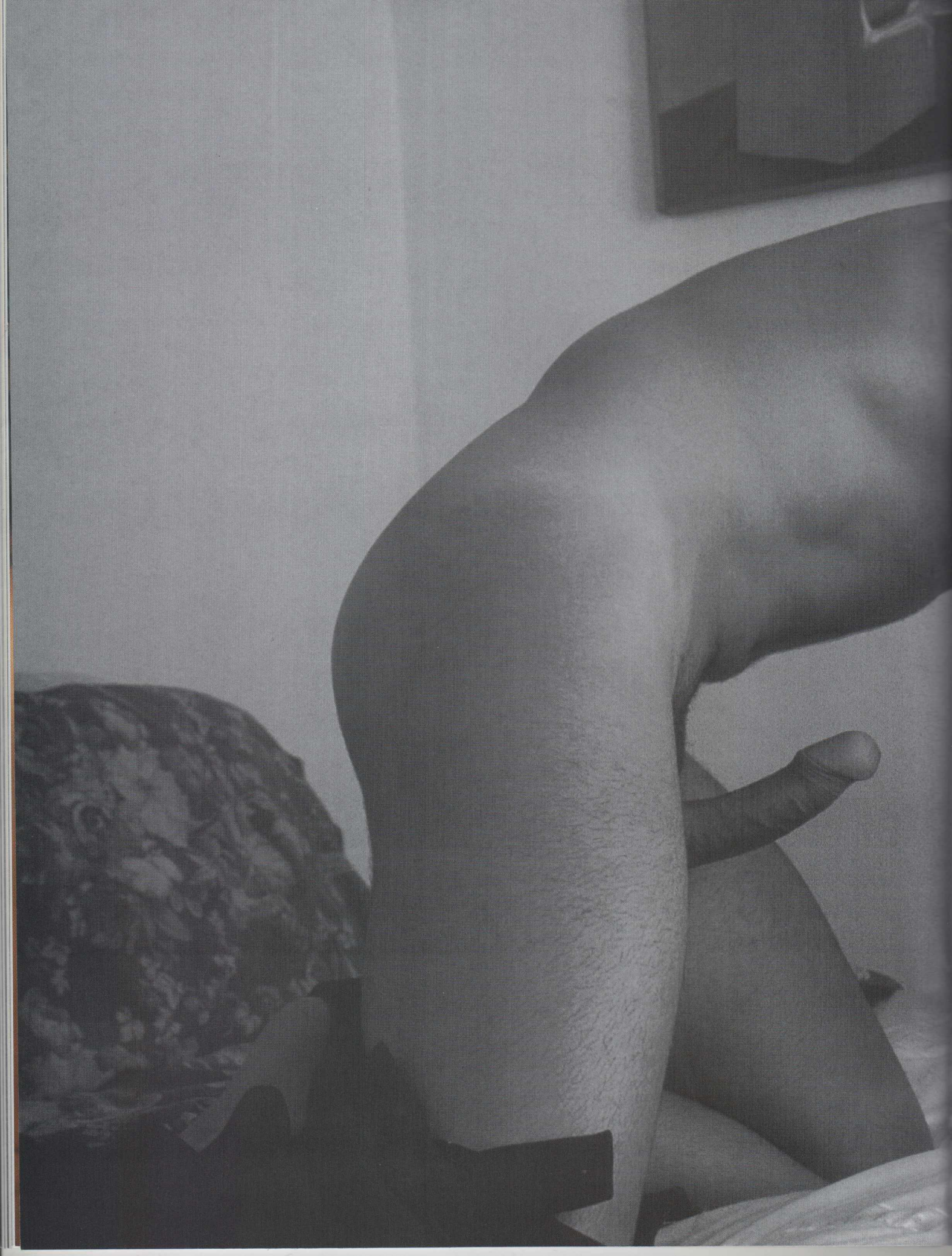


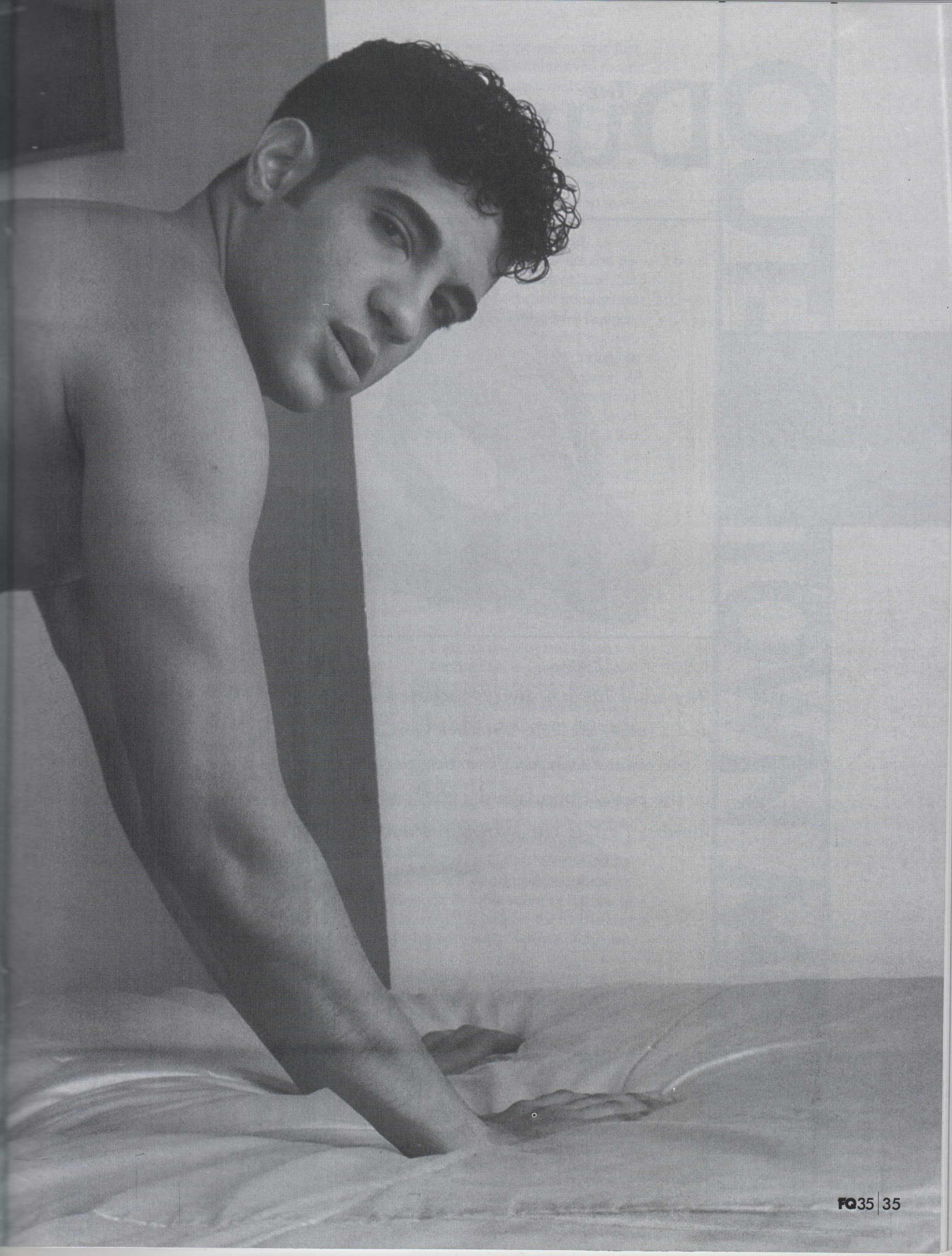


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I was flattered when Diego helped me learn the ropes just days after I joined the wrestling team. I later learned that he helped all the freshmen out when they had trouble adjusting to college or making grades or whatever. I can't help thinking that he seemed more interested in me than he had to be, though. At the time, I assumed my wrestling talent or wry wit made me stand out from the crowd. Now I wonder.

Diego is special in a lot of ways. He's the captain and most talented wrestler on the team. He's popular and funny and always ready to party. Since he's a foreign student from Argentina, he has both an exotic appeal and a near lethal lounge-lizard looks. Every girl who crosses his path nearly wets herself with lust, but I've never even known Diego to date. He's interested in helping his teammates, keeping himself fit, and doing well in class, more or less in that order.

Still, I could understand why the girls sigh when he walks past and why all the guys wish they were built like him — much for the same reason he's such a powerful wrestler. His classically compact Greek build could easily have been sculpted by Praxiteles — broad shoulders and massive biceps rippling down across powerful hairless pecs and lats

I'd never seen uncut dicks up close and I'd always been curious how they were built and what I was missing. He gave me a look and said, "Go ahead."

to a waist that almost isn't there at all. His huge, hard glutes, and massive thighs and calves make him a real powerhouse on the mat.

Part of his charm probably derives from the wanton shock of raven-black curls hanging low across his broad brow. His eyes are black as obsidian and his skin is a rich brown that highlights his Hollywood teeth something fierce just as his dimples and cleft chin make the most of his strong jaw. I'd spent most of my time with Diego training, so it wasn't until I went to my first out-of-town meet that I saw how others react to him with barely-suppressed awe.

Something else happened at that first meet in Tampa that taught me even more. Like a lot of revelations, it started off simply enough. I was the youngest and supposedly needed the most supervision so Diego put us together as roommates when he drew up the hotel reservations list. We were all supposed to get rooms with twin beds, but, when we checked in, our room and three others had double beds.

A couple of the guys threw fits and demanded we move to a competent hotel, but getting reservations at the last minute that weekend was next to impossible. Besides, Diego assured us all that he and his two brothers had shared a huge bed during his childhood and he'd managed to survive. In the end, he used his characteristic charm and leadership ability to settle everybody down and defuse a pesky situation. That's just the way Diego is.

Once we'd stowed our bags, he took us all out for pizza. Afterwards, we all walked around awhile, strutting our stuff and psyching out the city. Then Diego came back to the hotel with us youngsters, ostensibly so he could make it an early night, but more, I suspect, so he could keep us out of trouble while those over 21 went out drinking.

So we wouldn't feel like children, Diego bought a couple cases so that we freshmen could also have a little illicit beer bash before we turned in. We ended up downing eight or ten brews apiece and were more than ready to stagger back to our own rooms to pass out before long.

I wasn't sure when I saw Diego step out of the shower, rubbing his head with a towel and then hopping buck-assed naked onto the bed. I'd never slept in the same bed as a guy before, but I didn't want him to think I was uncool. Besides, the bed was big enough that we wouldn't crowd each other out.

I normally shower when I get up, but out of courtesy to Diego and because I was shit-faced then and would be all hung over the next morning, I took a quick shower of my own. When I came out, I found Diego propped up on some pillows, just his lower legs under the sheet, reading an econ text he'd brought along.

By Rick Jackson

He'd turned on the lamp on his side of the bed, so he told me to turn off the room lights before I sacked out. As I lay beside him, still so drunk I wasn't thinking clearly, the oddest things ran through my mind. You'd think wrestlers would be used to rolling around with semi-naked men, but except for on the mat or in the showers, I'd never much been around nudity. Add to that the raw animal power Diego exuded and that one thing he had that I lacked, and you can begin to understand why I was feeling strange.

I wasn't queer or anything. The possibility never occurred to me. I like keeping my body in good shape and all, but that doesn't make me queer. Suddenly, though, as I lay beside him, that big, floppy Argentine foreskin he had began to prey on my mind. Finally I asked him if most Argentine men had missed the knife, and he just smiled and nodded. Then I blurted out something to take his mind off econ: would he mind if I looked at the thing. I'd never seen uncut dicks up close and I guess I'd always been curious how they were built and what I was missing. He gave me a look and then said, "Go ahead. Knock yourself out."

It was odd, with all that extra wrinkled skin on top, that little membrane, and all the folds it seemed to have. Diego's dick isn't as long as my nine plus inches, but his had an exotic attraction. As I experimented with the thing, pulling that super-soft skin up and over his dark head, I realized that it smelled entirely different than my crank. It wasn't nasty exactly, but had a certain savage, primitive odor to it that made me think of primeval jungle or cavemen fucking their nasty-gashed bitches.

The whole time I was investigating his asset, he alternated between reading his econ book and giving me the sort of semi-pitying look you might give a kid you thought too dumb to live. Finally he suggested that we call it a night – both so he could finish his chapter and so I would be good to go in the morning.

I felt goofy anyway so I unhandled him and rolled back over to my side of the bed. Within a minute or two, I was asleep. Sometime around midnight, the beer caught up with me. When my bladder stopped messing with my dreams and woke me up, I discovered that Diego had rolled over and draped his arm over my torso, almost as though he was protecting me even in his sleep.

I eased out from under his arm, ambled into the john, drained the beer, and stumbled back to bed. I needed three or four minutes to doze back off, and was almost back asleep when Diego startled me by popping his arm back over my shoulder. By that point, he was covered up to his chest by our sheet, but I guess maybe he was drawn by the warmth of my body or the sag in the mattress. Just as I drifting off again, I thought I felt something else, but was too far gone to wonder what.

Maybe half an hour later, he moved and woke me up again. This time, though, I had no doubt what was up. The guy was spooned behind me and his stiff dick was throbbing gently between my thighs. Just to make sure I wasn't getting the wrong end of the stick, I eased my hand down and felt his knob poking out between my legs. The 'skin had been fucked back, leaving his tender head open to the air and leaking pre-cum all over my left leg. The odd thing was that I didn't feel grossed out the way you'd imagine. Diego's steady breath on my neck, his hand on my shoulder, and his big uncut dick prodding at my nuts and grinding between my thighs felt weird – but good, almost as though I'd somehow accidentally been accepted into a club so elite I hadn't known it existed.

I was ignorant of it's rules, too, but something told me that I should let sleeping dicks lie even though my own crazy crank was doing anything but. The more dick-honey Diego's untamed Patagonian lizard drooled out onto my leg, the more my own nine inches of American pride swelled to demand satisfaction.

Finally, desperate for a clue how to respond, I reached low again to wrap my fist lightly around the wrinkled lips of Diego's slick dick.

It pulsed and throbbed inside my fist, desperate to breathe free and seemingly just as eager to breed me. I kept thinking I should be outraged or offended that the guy was using me as his jack-off bitch, but I couldn't help myself. He was asleep after all. He wasn't responsible for his actions – and wouldn't know about mine.

I pulled that 'skin up all the way over his head and then dipped my index finger between its sloppy folds, digging deep inside that satin-soft tunnel to scrape my way across his slippery head. Diego moaned slightly to himself in his sleep as his dreams swelled his dick even harder between my thighs. Soon his breathing on the back of my neck quickened, and then his hips snuggled closer, grinding his soft

pubes into my ass in a fit of contented distraction.

The more he ground and moaned, the harder and deeper and bolder I used my finger to pry wide the secrets his cock-cowl had kept from the world. I even found my ass instinctively answering his grinding hips with their own clenching need as we lay spooned together in the dark, bound by a stray hand, an eager dick, and my own need to understand why my bone was throbbing and my pulse was racing out of control.

I don't know what I would have done if Diego hadn't snapped suddenly back to consciousness. Maybe I was too rough on his tender tool. Maybe his own hidden hunger drove him back to life just as it had driven him between my legs. I had been too busy to wonder what Diego's reaction would be to find my finger buried where it didn't belong. I'd have guessed way wrong anyway.



For a long, slow moment, all he did was use the hand over my shoulder to pull my naked body even harder against his own as his hips picked up their ramming speed and he managed to fuck my legs so hard that my index finger popped his skin back and left him open to every outrage my hairy thighs could conceive. As his hips humped and ground harder against my virgin ass, he mumbled more to himself than to me, first in Spanish and then for my benefit about what a little whore I was to wake him up by playing with his dick. He'd have to teach a faggot like me what real men did when their sleep is disturbed by the likes of me.

Then, as suddenly as it began, the tirade ended and he reversed on me with the same effortless precision I'd seen him use in his matches. I found myself in the air, flying ass over elbows down towards the foot of the bed. When I landed, my face was between his legs and my big dick was sliding down his throat. Even before I was stunned by Diego's wanting to swallow me whole, I realized how exactly right I felt with his hot mouth and, later, his tight, slick throat wrapped around every inch of my thick, throbbing need. I had been much too busy playing with his crank to worry about my own, but Diego knew men well enough to leave nothing to chance.

His lips slashed past my head as his tongue tore about and his gullet opened wide to swallow me deep. I quickly lost

track of individual sensations and felt only a warm rapture radiate outwards from my crotch. His hands were on my ass, polishing my glutes and prying them wide as he pulled my hips down harder against his wanton, cocksucking face, mumbling and slurping and moaning as he did things to my dick I'd never dreamed possible.

As his nose prodded my nuts, I couldn't help seeing eye-to-eye with his. They were almost hairless, but huge and hanging way low between his thighs. His crotch gave off a faint scent of soap and sweat and something else mysterious and oddly unsettling. I don't know what ancient instinct drove me to lap at his balls, but when I tasted them, nothing would have kept me from slurping them into my mouth and sucking them raw.

The minute my face closed around his 'nads, Diego's hips began to fuck upwards, pounding his crotch against my face, smearing my lips around and jerking his sperm cords tight. Blood pounded in my ears as I heard myself slurping and held helplessly onto his ass to keep feeding my frenzy even as I fed my face on his big, tender balls.

Much too soon, I'd sucked his crotch as bland and tasteless as my own trimmed meat. His dick was stabbing at my throat every time our bodies lurched together. Acting again on man's oldest impulse, I spat out his nuts and grabbed hold of his joint for another up-close look.

The thing was glorious. His swollen purple head had pushed his cowl halfway back, but the whole of his knob and shank were glistening with a thick, slick coating of crystal-clear pre-cum still flooding out of his piss-slit. I gave his dick an exploratory sniff and then followed my nose down to heaven. My hand wrapped tight around his shaft and jerked his skin upwards across the head. Then, slowly, relentlessly, remorselessly, my broad, tongue drilled between those slick layers of sublimely soft man-skin, prodding them wide and prying my way into their secret depths.

One flavor after another set my taste buds off – the slick savor of his dick-honey, the musk buried inside his skin, the

brew of man-sweat and musk and maybe even a little stale piss stored even deeper down near his trigger-ridge. Every flick of my tongue tore up new bounds of bliss and sent me frenzying even deeper and faster and rougher. My lips had long since locked around his knob, but as his skin slipped down, my tongue tore around his sensitive head and roughed it up so well that the gorgeous hunk would have brought

the police running with his screams if I hadn't had my own big dick buried down his throat. As it was, nothing could keep his hips and that big Argentine pizzle from fighting to fuck off the back of my head. When the last of his skin snapped back along his shank and he was able fully to rub himself the right way against the back of my mouth, I realized in a sudden epiphany that Diego was about to blow his load down my throat.

The signs were everywhere – his muffled moans, the frantic arching of his hips, the way his frantic snuffles and frenzied snorts were losing their rhythm, the tight feel of his shithole around my finger, the helpless way my body and his were rocking up and down and in and out. Was I going to just lie there atop the guy and let him spooze his load down my throat?

I certainly was not. Even a clueless kid like me knew that I needed to take steps – and you can believe I wasted no time in getting busy. I shoved a second finger up his ass, I cranked my suction up to overdrive, and then I slammed my chin down hard enough into his glossy black pubes rub us both the right way. Finally, I held on and let Nature lead me where it needed.

I found myself in the air, flying ass over elbows down towards the foot of the bed. When I landed, my face was between his legs and my big dick was sliding down his throat.

Even with my dick down his throat, Diego managed to scream and grab my ass for support, but nothing could keep his load from blowing. It happened so fast that I didn't even feel his jism-tube pulsing wide against my lip until after his creamy spooze was gushing down my tongue and teaching me the subtle glories of sucking cock. I don't know how long it had been since he'd last blown his load, but the bastard nutted like bull on locoweed.

At first, I let the hot wads swirl around my tongue so I could savor them and try to learn why I craved his load with all my soul. Diego's major problem was having way too much of a good thing. Even without his dick in my mouth, there just was no room for the seeming gallons of sperm he was so determined to spew. I tried to swallow as he came, but even when I was chugging along like a plebe at a frat-house beer bust, he overcame my capacity.

I grabbed his nuts hard, but he blew even faster. I stopped sucking, opened my throat, and just held on tight – and the jism kept pumping. I eased all but his knob out of my mouth and latched my lips around the bottom of his trigger-ridge so my tongue could distract him, but I might as well have been trying to plug Old Faithful.

After what seemed half a lifetime, Diego collapsed backwards onto the bed, his hips stilled, and he eased his face off my dick. By the time I realized he had stopped nutting into my mouth, I'd been force-fed enough protein to feed a starving family – and still had his jism coming out my nose. I gave him a last quick wipe-down, sucked up his leavings, and licked my chops as I looked down to discover the sweating wrack that Diego had become.

He must have realized I wasn't quite sure what to do, so even before I was off him, he was lifting his legs towards the ceiling. I couldn't believe that a stud like Diego wanted my big dick up his ass – or how much I needed to shove it there – but I wasn't young enough or stupid enough to let that opportunity pass me by.

He parked his heels in the small of my back and pulled my head down so he could lick and kiss my lips and neck and ear. As my sweat splashed down onto his beautiful body, Diego's fingers did things with my swollen tits and tight flanks that were too magical to describe. You might think all this would distract me from my goal, but somehow my nine thick inches of freshman meat knew exactly where to go. Maybe Diego

helped by pulling my body against his. Maybe the way his hungry asshole leaped inside-out and nipped at my dick helped. Whatever the case, my throbbing unit knew right where to go – and what to do when it got there.

I looked down at Diego's face, half hero-worshipping and perhaps half in love, and then I held tight onto his massive shoulders and let my body rip into his. The feral beast which I had harbored unawares for so long within my secret depths sprang suddenly to life, hurling my hips forward, and plundering through Diego's tight shithole in one vast, soul-shattering, gut-wrenching, butt-busting paroxysm of savage male power.

I saw his eyes clench tight in pain. His full lips stretched wide in a gape of agony. Almost before the swollen head of my ramming rod had ripped its way into his liver, though, his eyes were open again. Later that night, I would learn how a man's body converts pain into purest pleasure and brutality into blessed bliss. As my bone bred Diego's shattered shithole, I neither knew nor cared about such things. The transcendent lesson he had taught me was to take what I wanted and make it my own – and that was what I was going to do.



Diego's fingers did things with my swollen tits and tight flanks that were too magical to describe. You might think all this would distract me from my goal, but somehow my nine thick inches of freshman meat knew exactly where to go.

I couldn't believe how his slick guts rippled along my dick or the way his body shuddered each time I slammed my way into his depths. His hands were magic as they clawed my back in delighted desperation. His heels spurred my ass ever-onward, ever-deeper, ever-faster until our hard male bodies were crashing together like galaxies, ripping natural forces asunder and splashing radiance in wave after searing wave of rapture.

The harder our slick bodies pounded together with smacking thwacks, bucking and thrusting and splashing sweat around the room, the louder I grunted and Diego growled in return, the more my thick tool tore through Diego's guts until space and time themselves seemed seduced into awe by our savagery.

Minutes or hours later, the heat I had bred up Diego's butt melted my own guts and tripped some unsuspected switch that sent them shooting out at lightspeed in serial blasts of cosmic energy. My body had so melded with his that I didn't feel my big dick searing white-hot as I flushed and reamed and pumped his guts full with my seed. I didn't feel my teeth tearing at his massive shoulders or his hands holding me down where I belonged. For half an eternity, I didn't feel anything at all. I was past feeling or thinking or caring. For the first time in my life, I saw below me the true meaning of man. Then I saw nothing at all.

When my heart finally started again and I was able to open my eyes, I realized that I was long since dry-humping the ruins of Diego's shithole. My balls ached like skinned cinders and jism was overflowing Diego's guts to splash all over his ass and my balls. Just because I could, though, I gave his butt a few last good reaming thrusts and then collapsed into his waiting arms.

He held me until we could both breathe again and then pulled my ass into the shower to wash us down. How we both won our matches the next day, I'll never know. Diego could hardly walk, and every joint I had hurt more than all the others put together. I think perhaps I just coasted along on the cresting wave of that testosterone rush which had kept us going most of the night.

Diego taught me about more than wrestling - more about myself and about the world than I'd ever believed possible. In the end, I taught him something, too. Whether at home or on the road, his floppy foreskin and tight Argentine ass were all mine. 

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Hot, uncut tops 21-35, you're sexy, uncut, size not important. Want a good-looking guy to totally service you, really get into your skin? Very interested in guys who have lots of skin. I'm healthy, into vanilla too — let's see what I can do to take care of you. Have a great butt. ☎22194 [41]

CUT LOOKING FOR UNCUT

GWM, 49, 6'3", 240 lbs., brown/gray hair, blue eyes, beard, hairy professional seeks uncut gay male for fun. I am cut but love uncut men. Race is not important. Love hairy men, black men, Hispanic men & European men. Contact at bignacbear@aol.com. Located in San Francisco, CA, but travel regularly. ☎22203 [37]

PHIMOSIS

With long dripping overhang. Let's trade photos and video of our foreskins. Yours gets my clear close-ups. D.P., 230-C Walnut St., PMB 134, Chico CA 95928 ☎22216 [37]

DADDY WANTS UNCUT BOY

Daddy is 55, retired, comfortable, with lots of time to play. Boy should be young, good looking and eager to put himself in the hands of an experienced and demanding Daddy who's always in charge! Write with particulars and photo to Daddy. ☎22175 [40]

66 SF CA

66, 6'2", 190 lbs., bald, mustache, hairy, 6", rough, unusual cut. I am a for-real skin worshipper. Please write: Kelly, 332 Magellan Avenue, San Francisco CA 94116 ☎22183 [36]

SEEKING LTR

Just 59 WM, white hair, beard, brn eyes, uncut, like same. 5'11", 240, looking for LTR, East Bay, No drugs/ smoke. Mykael, PO Box 6537, Concord CA 94524 ☎22185 [40]

SEEKING SMEGMA

GWM, 53, 5'8", 175 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, beard, HIV-neg. seeks friendship/relationship with uncut GM who enjoys cuddling, sensual pleasures, mental stimulus and challenge, intimacy, refined hedonism—and producing smegma. Barry, PO Box 426648, San Francisco CA 94142 ☎22152 [35]

CALIFORNIA - SOUTH

SHARE FORESKIN EXPERIENCES

So. Calif. GWM, b/hazel, looking for other uncut healthy males to share foreskin

experiences. I am mid 50's, 5'8", 140lbs, uncut in good shape, you being similar a plus. Uncut Asians another plus. ☎22236 [38]

SEEKING DEMONSTRATIONS

GWM, 45, 5'7", 160lbs, bld/gry, cut but restoring seeks uncut men 21-50 to demonstrate foreskins and motivate me. I love to nibble and suck. Would like to try docking. I like all sorts of men; Latin/Asian a plus. R.L. Email: Q1469@aol.com (Whittier CA) ☎22234 [42]

GWM BOTTOM

Looking for Top 18-35, likes uncut FrA, GrP. Write: Doug, 1835 Stanley #D, Signal Hill CA 90806 ☎22225 [38]

PALM SPRINGS

Into ripe 4skins and WS. n2ucwstbt@aol.com. ☎22222 [38]

UNCUT FOR LTR

GWM, 50, handsome artist, 6', 200 lbs., seeks friendship for LTR with uncut of any race for domestic bliss in San Diego. ☎22195 [37]

NUDIST & EXHIBITIONIST

GWM, 5'6", 115, brn/brn uncut seeks others into photos, videos, autofellatio, uncut or cut, nudist, exhibitionist, voyeur, HIV negative, W/S, massage. R.P.A., 3115 Riverside Drive West, Burbank CA 91505 ☎22204 [37]

FORESKINS & FEET

Bodybuilder, 6'2", 195 lbs., blue/blond, very good looking, muscular, masculine, healthy, large u/c, loves extra-long foreskins and smelly big feet. Let's exchange pix and get together. Ray, 2629 Manhattan Ave, PMB 195, Hermosa Beach CA 90254-2447 ☎22206 [41]

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DESERT PALM SPRINGS

Dad, u/c nice clean cock, pierced and hot for u/c younger guy. Must be slender, in shape like me. Enjoy hot sex, good fun and sharing. I'm just a nice low-key guy who loves other uncut men. Rand, PO Box 4817, Palm Springs CA 92263 e-mail RandofPS@aol.com ☎22173 [36]

SAN DIEGO AREA

Man interested in meeting guys who like to have their skin eaten. I am cut but love foreskin. Write me: Ted Grady, PO Box 33308, San Diego CA 92163 or email MPACTED@aol.com ☎22164 [36]

PALM SPRINGS ORAL EXPERT

GWM, 49, 6' 200, bearded, 8" cut, looking to service in shape, healthy, well-hung, uncut men any race. Cheese is a definite plus. If you love getting great head to completion, get in touch: G.L.B., 1717 E Vista Chino, #7-128, Palm Springs CA 92262 ☎22167 [40]

BEAR CUB

Handsome, unattached 36 yo Bear cub is hunting for the masculine man of his dreams. I'm HIV-, 5'10", 180#, balding redhead, blue eyes. I seek monogamous LTR with a sweet, confident, healthy man who has a sense of humor and open to discovering one another. Honest & Nice. L.L., 5805 W 8th, #201, Los Angeles CA 90036 ☎22168 [40]

COCK FIGHTS

Cut 10+ inches, white, brown hair & eyes, 46, 5'10", 178 lbs, into hard-on cock fights, hard-on cock-to-cock J/O or docking. With other 9"+ cocks *only*. D. Thomas, 10352 Garvey Ave, Box 88, El Monte CA 91733 ☎22180 [36]

BLACK BOTTOM

Black total bottom, 44 yrs old, average

looks, 5'9", 175lbs, a little bald, cut, seeks uncut. Write: Tim, PO Box 90188, Los Angeles CA 90009 ☎22153 [38]

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

LIKES TO PIG OUT

Ex-military guy, 39, 5'8", 150, 30w, 40c, smooth & in-shape likes to pig out on well-hung, ripe meat. I'm a freak for fore-skin and prefer long-hooded guys who love to serve up their spooze and plant seed for hungry cocksuckers like me. ☎22132 [38]

GWM, 51, 6', 185 LBS.

Looking for gay male with lots of fore-skin for good time in Washington, DC area. I am cut but love uncut men. Race is not important. Please respond to Alton R. Wood, 515 Florida, Apt. 104, Herndon VA 20170-4914 ☎22142 [39]

FLORIDA

COUPLE SEEKS HOUSEBOY

GWMC seeks younger (18-24), "boy/son" type to serve as live-in houseboy. House-work and pleasing Dadbear and Cub in exchange for caring LTR with two great men. No smoking/drunks/ drugs. Can help to relocate right boy, race unimportant, prefer small endowed cut or uncut. If this sounds like your dream cum true, send us a letter and photo to: L.J.W., PO Box 3977, St. Petersburg FL 33731-3977 NO VOICEMAIL [35]

ITALIAN IN FLORIDA

Seeking long term in Florida. Italian GM, 47, 5'10", bald on top, beard, masculine, versatile Bear seeking same 35-45, His-

panic a plus, for LTR. Respond with photo and phone to: Robert C., 2474 SW Madiera St., Port St. Lucie FL 34953. ☎22221 [38]

CHEESE LOVER

Uncut seeks cut or uncut into cheese, yellow, red, brown hanky, especially, but all scenes considered. I am 60yo, 220 lbs. Write: Rob, 10431 First Way North, St. Petersburg FL 33716 or e-mail Pig4M@aol.com ☎22172 [39]

UNDERWEAR

GWM Looking to swap pictures, letters, briefs with uncut men. Show me your foreskin. ☎22170 [38]

FREE DRAFT

WM, 38, 6', 170, brn/hazel, smooth, straight acting, ISO in-shape pig for personal urinal, cum pump! I train to slurp, deep throat, long slow sloppy verbal abuse. Piss-coated crotch, funky pits, ass for you to clean. 8" uncut, HIV-. Out-of-towners welcome for free draft! ☎22178 [36]

LOOKING FOR FORESKIN IN TALLAHASSEE

40 y/o bi-male, very oral. Enjoys men with foreskin. Locals or visitors all welcome. Write D.R., PO Box 37113, Tallahassee FL 32315 TRY ME! ☎22146 [42]

GEORGIA

GWM, 39, 6'2", 180 LBS.

Brown hair, blue eyes, beard; hairy, attractive, professional, masculine, laid-back, and tired of putting business first. Ready to settle down with similar man of quality. 'Skin a must (restored is OK), big balls and hung are a plus. Write: DFW, Box 20133, Saint Simons Island GA 31522. Let's see if we've got what it takes. ☎22145 [35]

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HAWAII

END CIRCUMCISION

Touching, manipulating, and cutting the penis of non-consenting boys is sexual child abuse. End circumcision — NOCIRC of Hawaii. ☎22191 [41]

FORESKIN RESTORERS

GWM, 45, 6'4", BI/BI, 225#, would like to correspond, meet other foreskin restorers to share techniques, progress and goals. Uncuts who like to be admired for their skin also welcome. Age, race not as important as being real. Hairy, uncut, piercings especially PA A++. Answer all. ☎22177 [40]

IDAHO

GOOD LOOKING

30-year-old, 5'9", 145 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, hair on my chest leads to my 8" cock. I love to chew on extra-long foreskin after licking the insides, I want to feel a cock pull out of my ass then slowly pull out the foreskin. Good-lookers, send pix to: Eric, PO Box 1205, Boise ID 83701 ☎22138 [35]

ILLINOIS

EUROSKIN WANTED

30 yr. old, sexy GWM, 7" cut, 5'1", 185 lbs, seeks tall European partner/boyfriend in Chicago. I love to suck, chew & play with foreskin on big uncut cocks. Also into WS, servicing big feet & low-hanging balls. I prefer tall, attractive, masculine men 25-45. Special preference towards blondes or shaved heads, especially Dutch, German, Scandinavian. I can offer a lot more than just hot sex, too! ☎22230 [35]

INDIANA

GIVE ORAL PLEASURE

68 y.o., BiWM, cut, wants to meet natural bi single or married or gay men in or near South Bend. Enjoy giving oral pleasure & light W/S. Respond to Art, PO Box 4265, South Bend IN 46634 ☎22198 [41]

IOWA

SEXUALLY VERSATILE

GWM early 50's, silver hair, bear, 5'8", 220 lbs., clean uncut seeking friends, NE Central Iowa. Enjoy movies, dining out, outdoors, stock car races, motorcycles, pets. Honest, caring, DD free, NS, sexually versatile, looking for same. Pen pals welcome. Hairy, redhead, a plus, also truckers, farmers. ☎22197 [37]

SEEKING CORRESPONDENCE

I am uncut WM, late 60's seeking someone who likes masturbation and was caught and punished as a boy. Like details. Also: photos. Does anyone remember the longjohn underwear with the flap that buttons across the top horizontally? ☎22154 [35]

LOUISIANA

MOVING TO N'AWLINS

GWM 6'1", 170lbs, uncut, hairy & healthy. Like all kinds of foreskin play. Choral singer. Retired computer programmer. Lived in BR 59-73, unsure what part of city I want to live in. Want to correspond about this 'n' that. ☎22220 [38]

MARYLAND

RESTORING

GWM 6', blu-green eyes, brown hair, medium hairy chest, 130 lbs. Restoring new foreskin still, Deaf. Age 61. Write: Richard, PO Box 171, La Plata MD 20646-0171. ☎22224 [38]

BEARDED, HAIRY, 8" UNCUT

Early 50's bear, 6'2", good looking, HIV-neg., 215 lbs., masculine, red hair, blue eyes. Write: Glenn G., PO Box 61, Pylesville MD 21132. ☎20126 [38]

MICHIGAN

JO & VACUUM PUMPS

45 y.o. GWM, 7" cut, ISO uncut, big cocks for JO fun. Into vacuum pumps, big chewy nipples, CB play, piercings A+. I am HIV negative, 5'10", 175 lbs., black/brown - not too bad for my age but not perfect. If you want hot times without any commitments, let me know. Hefty OK. No fats or fems. ☎22196 [41]

KINKY

GWM, 47, 5'10", 150#, bl/s&p, lean shape, loving, fun, foreskin restorer, ISO fetish studs into W/S, PA piercing, sounds & penis glans splitting. Kinky hunks write: G.S., 3560 Pine Grove Ave #152, Port Huron MI 48060. ☎22171 [36]

MINNESOTA

DOCKING A+

51, cut, thick and long enough - docking A+, GrA, FrA/P, partnered with big boy, 42; cut with some skin. 3 ways or more ways. Picture gets mine. No SM. Uncut tales? Tell me in letter. All responses answered. ☎22201 [37]

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NEW TO MINNEAPOLIS

Uncut stud into massage, nudism, S&M, write box #22213 [37]

NEVADA

LOOKING FOR PUMPERS

Photos can be mailed to me; I get off on big, uncut pumped cocks – the bigger, the better. B.L., 855 E. Twain, #123 Box 565, Las Vegas NV 89109. ☎22233 [42]

NEW MEXICO

HEAVY DROOLER

GWM, 60, 5'9", 140 lbs, bald/sp/buzz/trim beard/stache, nice uncut heavy drooler seeks other uncuts only for clean, safe skin games including FR, JO, docking; no GR, no cuts, no smoke, no drugs, no email. Write, with photo: J.F.S., PO Box 31962, Santa Fe NM 87594-1962. ☎22134 [38]

NEW YORK

AROMA WORSHIP

Hairy Italian 46, 5'10", 185, uncut, big nipples seeks strong hairy men who smell strong. Strip off your sweaty underwear and socks and put my mouth to work on your pits, feet, hairy ass, foul balls and funky foreskin. Work my nipples, piss on me and drain your nuts in my ass. Dark skin a plus, healthy a must. ☎22229 [39]

LOVE FORESKIN

The longer & smellier, the better. Bears, big nipples, low hangers are a plus. Let me sniff your raunchy jocks & briefs. 160 lbs., 5'11", 50's, non-smoker, bearded & hirsute kinky pig. European & Asian uncut meat goes down real easy. Want to exchange cheesy underwear? ☎22202 [37]

RESTORING, LOOKING

GWM 6'2", 185 lbs, 50 yrs, cut but restoring 4skin, seeks u/c Latinos, Europeans, Asians, African-Americans. Email at butch56@excite.com or B.L., PO Box 647, Maspeth NY 11378. ☎22214 [37]

HOT UNCUT DAD SEEKS JOCK STUD SON

6', 185 lbs, light brown hair/eyes, hairy chest, body building trainer for non-pros/masseur. Early 50's, Bi, dominant top. Nude swims, jacuzzi, photography, sports, travel. XXX/action films, theater, musicals, museums, galleries, concerts, opera, books/magazines, public TV. Every safe erotic action. Hank, Box 1706, 2109 Broadway, NYC NY 10023. ☎22189 [41]

DEEP THROAT AND ASS, 4SKIN

M/BiW/M, 37, 5'11", 175, red, green, need regular contact with large uncut cocks. I shave base of my cock and balls, & up around my asshole so that it feels smooth and slippery when cock is sliding in and out. I have a deep throat and ass that can accommodate even the largest cocks. I would love a couple, be it M/M or M/F. Please be sane, and more important, disease free. Any Race. C.D., PO Box 194, Waterford NY 12188 ☎22163 [39]

MEGA PREPUCE

Blond, blue, muscular, endowed, uncut GWM, handsome, 32, 6', 170 lbs, seeks devoted skin worshipper into the natural look, taste, touch and smell of my extra-long foreskin (mega prepuce). Looking to dock with GWM, contemporary in Manhattan. NYC4SKIN@aol.com ☎22169 [36]

HOT MOUTH

for uncuts & deformed or phimosed dicks. My specialty is for pierced and big ones.

Try it, you'll repeat! Tony Collins, PO Box 142, Radio City Station, NYC NY 10101-0142 ☎22179 [40]

WESTERN NEW YORK AREA

Would like to meet men with lots of clean foreskin. I like nature and good movies. Write if interested in getting together with down-to-earth guy. ☎22181 [36]

HOT N.Y. 'RICAN MALE

Green/gold eyes, 5'8½", light complexion, long dark brown hair, 175 lbs., 3% body fat, working out five times a week, 35 years old. Top, but can be bottom for right male. I'm sincere and fun-loving, down-to-earth, looking for tall Puerto Rican or Cholo types. Must have mustache and a goatee. Please: no time-wasters. Your picture gets mine. Life is short, go for it. Well-hung P.R. waiting. ☎22158 [35]

CUT NEW YORKER

Looking for uncut cock. I am 5'9", brown hair, green eyes, 35, 8½" cut. ☎22157 [35]

NORTH CAROLINA

GOT SKIN?

BWM, 40, nice looking, cut, seeks uncut cock. Will orally please any age or race. Love long, thick dicks with a lot of skin and cum! Would love to see photos of cock, and travel is possible for the right cock! Write: W. Ridge, PO Box 16633, Greensboro NC 27416 ☎22231 [35]

TRADING/COLLECTING PHOTOS

Seeking hot cock and skin pics for personal use. Love thick cocks, hairy bears, big droopy balls, gaping pissholes, fat mushroom heads, cockrings, tattoos, piercings, long-haired country boys with loose foreskin! If you are a trader or collector write: C.E.R., 15365 Hwy 7 N, Shannan NC 28386. ☎22145 [37]

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UNCUT GUYS AND PUMPERS

WM, 42, 6'0", 185 lbs., 7" uncut, green eyes, brown hair, seeking well-hung, uncut guys and/or vacuum pumpers in western central North Carolina for fun times. I enjoy vacuum pumping, licking and sucking on my own foreskin and cockhead. I would like to suck your huge uncut tool and/or pump up. Must be discreet and disease free. Send letter (with photo, if possible) to: Jerry, PO Box 43, Lenoir NC 28645 ☎22186 [40]

MASCULINE MATURE "ORAL" WHITE MALE

59, drug- and disease-free, nice full lips, home-owner and home-loving guy, social drinker, no bars, U.S. Navy vet. 5'10", blue eyes, 135 lbs., excellent shape, lots of exercise, healthy living, cleanshaven, affectionate, extremely discreet, expect same. In search of: masculine, mature, well-hung, laid-back male, any and all welcome, 45 to 68, looks unimportant. Married, single, bi, tourists to these beautiful mountains of western NC. PO Box 7511, Asheville NC 28802-7511. Any and all visitors welcome. ☎21095 [38]

PENNSYLVANIA

SENIOR UNCUT BUDDY

SWM, 60, 6', 195lbs, uncut 6", nice foreskin, interested in meeting a special friend 55-65, uncut, clean for mutual j/o and French. Prefer average-endowed. No kink, just long foreplay and pleasure. Your place or mine. No drugs, fems or fatties. I'm a great guy, you won't be disappointed. ☎22227 [38]

YOUNG UNCUT GWM'S WANTED

Mid 30's, 8" uncut GWM seeks young 21-30 guys for hot 69 action. Extra foreskin a plus; HIV negative. Write: Andrew Garzotto, 936 Emerson Street, Brackenridge PA 15014. No Voicemail 22205 [37]

RESTORING WITH NICE RESULTS

W/M, 43, 170 lbs, 7"+ cock and restoring with nice results. ISO all varieties of cocks and balls; cut/uncut, smooth/hairy, also all sizes, races and ages. Will also correspond about restoration techniques. Into exchanging of stories, videos, underwear, jocks or whatever. ☎22215 [37]

LONG FORESKIN

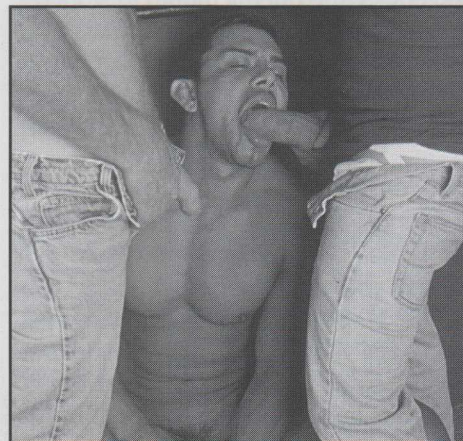
Long foreskin on small cock into stretching. Hairy, uncut bear, 6', 186 lbs, s&p 'stache, mature, looking for other skins to play with. One hour from NYC & Philadelphia. Share photos, nude beaches, country life. All answered. B.M., PO Box 206, Penns Park PA 18943 ☎22174 [36]

LOVE UNCUT HAIRY MEN

GMM, 44, 191 lbs., bottom, cut. Am tattooed, pierced, have brown curly hair and beard, shaved balls. Looking for same for fun times. Uncut cowboys, hairy, bearded preferred for dating, friendship/LTR. Can travel and exchange pics. E-mail: ubhirsute@aol.com ☎22147 [35]

WM, 60, 6', 160 LBS.

FrA/P, GrA/P seeks similar for social evenings together - then come what may. J. Bucci, C-12, 499 West Lancaster Avenue, Downingtown PA 19335 ☎22140 [38]



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FORESKIN WORSHIPPED

GWM, 50's, 5'10", 210 lbs., 7" cut cock loves to service foreskin. I can't get enough of it. Sit back and enjoy my mouth servicing that overhang. Truckers passing through central PA most welcome. Larry, PO Box 505, Dillsburg PA 17019. ☎22125 [37]

PUERTO RICO

CUT OR UNCUT MEN

Young, S/P, 5'11", 170 lbs., masc., HIV-, solid body, moderately hairy, WS, FrA/P, GrA/P (versatile, but mostly TOP). Interests are: powerlifting, reading fiction, movies, and learning languages. No drugs or beer. ISO Versatile/bottom, stocky or slim large men, uncut or cut, masc. looking & acting, 21-59 y/o disease-free & I accept photos, at least one with a swimsuit or brief(s), nudes will be good. Both can exchange Polaroid® photos, letters, cards from your town, city or country. Single men with round ass and super-hung cock photos. These will be mine with your letters & photos. You can write in English or Spanish. The French, Germans, Italians, Portuguese, Greeks, Cubans, Mexicans, Americans, Puerto Ricans and other can write or draw pictures to communicate. I don't send e-mails or voice mail. Respond via letter to: T.S.; PO Box 1533; Cayey PR 00737-1533 No internet message. No voice mail. [36]

SOUTH CAROLINA

NEED TRAINING

GWM, 38, 5'7", 175 lbs., uncut submissive ISO uncut dominate males 21-50 in Charleston area. Limited training and eager to receive more. ☎22210 [37]

TENNESSEE

50'S UNCUT GWM IN MEMPHIS

5'11", 210 lbs. white hair, mustache & goatee, college grad professional romantic who loves sex, cuddling & some CBT. I prefer uncut guys with big balls. Am open to cut guys seeking sexual encounters. My best turn-on is having my cock sucked while you squeeze my balls. ☎22207 [37]

TEXAS

GWM 38, 170 LBS.

7" cut seeking uncut, any race. Show me yours and I'll show you mine. Top or bottom. Love rimming, photo/video exchange, hairy, uncut, bearded, big dick a plus. Respond to all. Write with photo: PO Box 267, Decatur TX 76234. Love hot outdoor bear sex. I'm waiting. ☎22151 [39]

NATIVE TEXAN MEAT

43, 5'11", 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 7" uncut; mate of 20 years is 50, 5'8", 165 lbs, 7" cut thick. Looking for 3-ways, uncut only please, hairy a plus, versatile, very oral, tit play, safe assplay, no phone sex, 2 hours from Houston, Austin. Reply: PO Box 4711, Bryan TX 77805 ☎22141 [39]

WASHINGTON

NOT LOOKING FOR ROMANCE

46 yo GWM uncut with PA, pierced nips, not looking for romance. JO/fuck buddy OK. Cock 8", big shaved balls, like port, WS, pumping, uncut, Hispanic a plus, smoke OK. Chuck in Seattle. csalpacka@sprynet.com. ☎22223 [38]

WISCONSIN

SHARE HOMEMADE VIDEOS

If you're interested in sharing your homemade videos of your uncut cock and all the fun that goes with it, please look no further. Please be discreet when contacting. Please write: F. J. Passineau, 2600 Stewart Avenue, Ste. 36; Wausau WI 54401 with details and I will return in kind. ☎22155 [39]

USA - NATIONWIDE

ARTIST WORSHIPS INSHAPE

Insatiable Mega Prepuce dominant. Vacationers to Maine welcome. 56, 5'10", 180, HIV-, cut. ☎22235 [38]

HORNY OLD MAN OF 56

Nice overhang. Nice low-hangers. Want to meet other well-hung men over 21 for possible LTR or just for fun. Photo and letter to Mike, PO Box 23151, Pleasant Hill CA 94523. You be clean, self-sufficient, and honest. ☎22143 [35]

UNCUT

FORESKIN OWNER'S MANUAL

Everything about 'skin: structure, function, use, care, shape, size, length, overhang, tightness, elasticity, stretchiness, retractability, sensitivity, stimulation, manipulation, intensification, development, etc. Comments... suggestions... whatever... Snail mail only to Box 22237. [38]

PISS PIG ISO MASTERS

Piss/cum slave, naked, uncut 7", seeks position for serving Master. Total slavery, chastity, bondage. Use me as your toilet, furniture, torture, sex, etc. Slave is

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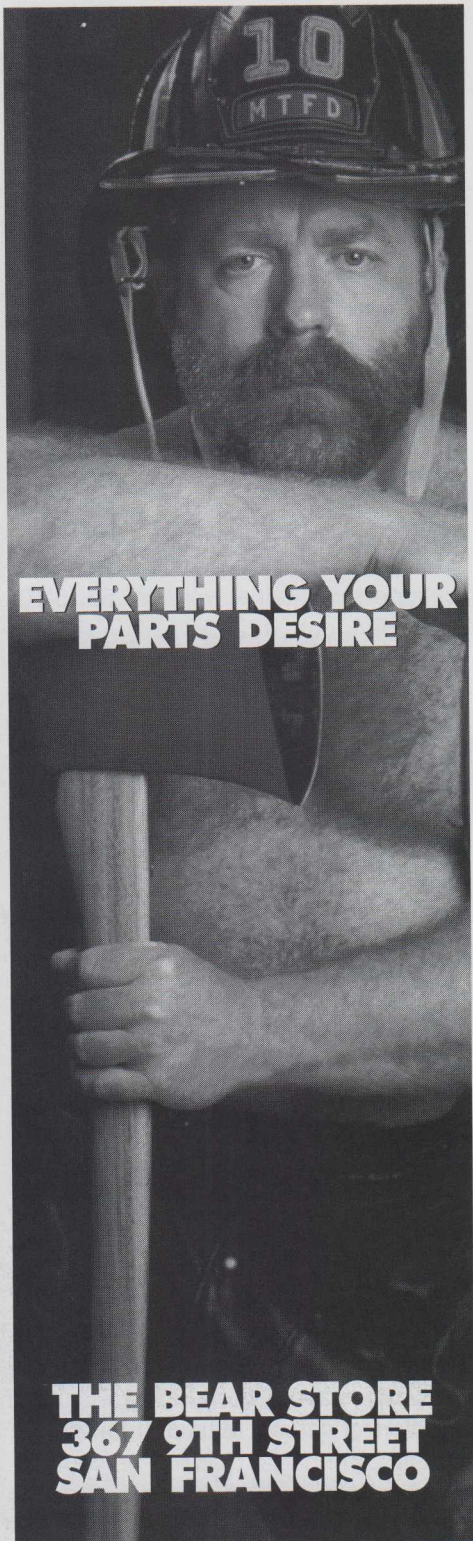
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FQ 'SKIN SEARCH

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45yo, shaved, also into FF, WS, 69, rimming, chains, enemas. Dedicating my existence to becoming a 24/7/365 contractually owned pig/slave/pet/dog. See photo. lucg@hotmail.com. [35]

THICK CHEESE STICKS, PLEASE!

Uncut boy, voyeur, need to see hot cheese pix, photos, videos from raunchy Bears, truckers, cowboys, lumberjacks, carpenters, construction workers, military with thick, fat sticky uncut tools, with ring of slimy cheese behind cockhead – ripe headcheese. I want to be used as a bottom to serve, please, lick the crud under the skin. Into dirty talk, WS, I'm a cum sucker. Love glory holes, rest stop bathrooms, barns, outdoors. Write: Lucas Beaudoin, 3420 Ste-Famille St #203, Montreal Quebec, H2X 2K9 CANADA [35]

UNCUT MEAT WANTED

I would like to meet uncut guys in Alabama and swap photos and videos around the world. Nude photos and videos get mine. Jasper AL. ☎22228 [38]

UNCUT PENPALS WANTED

Greetings. I'd like to correspond with other young, uncut men like me nationwide between 18 and 35. I want us to share our thoughts and unique perspectives on what it was like growing up and being uncut in our cut-oriented American society. This is for guys who want a friendly pen pal to express their ideas with openly. Non-explicit photo exchange desired. Write: Gino, PO Box 460424, Fort Lauderdale FL 33346. ☎ 22226 [38]

CHEESE WANTED

Very oral toilet slave 5 miles from I-90 in Western New York. Use me as your rest area. I love foreskins and need to be introduced to head cheese. I'm discreet, masculine and HIV negative. All responses answered. ☎22193 [41]

AUSTRALIA

AUSSIE GUY

38 years old, nice uncut cock seeks correspondence with guys in USA or worldwide. I am 38, five foot 10 inches tall, slim build with brown hair and green eyes. Wanting to swap horny letters and cock shots. Cut guys welcome. Please write to: Daniel Walsh, PO Box 431, Zillmere Brisbane, QLD 4034, Australia [35]

CANADA

PEN PAL WANTED

Will you help me expand my horizons? I like hunky bodybuilders who love to shave short uncut men who have small cocks and balls. Share your piercing, foreskin-stretching and restoration techniques. Please share your fantasies and experiences not touched on. Box #21135 [36]

LOOKING FOR FORESKIN

Slim, muscular Asian GM, 38, 5'9", 145 lbs., 6 1/2" uncut seeks other uncut guys. Cheese OK. Write: M.L.; PO BOX 78010; 2606 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, BC, V5N-5W1 Canada [36]

SEEKING LONG FORESKIN WORLDWIDE

Responsible professional, early 30's, male, masculine, healthy, tall, brown hair, attractive, 8" thick cut. I'm serious to meet with uncut males, well hung, very long overhang to suck, dock, etc. Photo exchange OK. Hope to meet. BK, #1507-230 Roslyn Road, Winnipeg, MB R3L 0H1, Canada [35]

UNCUT CANADIAN

GWM, 30, 5'10", brown/blue, hairy, 8 1/2", seeks correspondence with other foreskin

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FQ 'SKIN SEARCH

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lovers. I am looking for men to show me their skin. Any age, race, size. Let's exchange nude photos, jocks, underwear, or anything? Write now; I'm waiting. #22129 [37]

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SOUTH AMERICA

UNCUT PEN FRIENDS

I'm 36, 5'1", 160 lbs., black hair/eyes, hairy, uncut, funny, easy-going, Latino looking for pals around the world to exchange pictures, postcards, stories and visit each other. Love nature, science, fiction, music, traveling, trolls. I'm oral. Like hairy men, too, but it's not a plus. Write to: Galo Proano, Mexico 903 y Chambers, Guayaquil Ecuador [35]

ORGANIZATIONS

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Desert Knights Productions 800-300-2002 or write: HDK, 100 S. Sunrise Way PMB 142, Palm Springs CA 92262, include 21 age statement. Visit our website at <http://hotdesertknights.com>. [37]

LA VIE DE SANTE

Want one copy of the mag. La Vie de Sante (the Lives of the Saints) illustrated by George Pickard. Write: Francis X. Huether, PO Box 64, 321 Elm Drive, East Berne NY 12059 #22219 [38]

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National Organization of Restoring Men c/o R. Wayne Griffiths, 3205 Northwood Drive, Ste. 209, Concord CA 94520-4506, (925) 827-4077, FAX: (925) 827-4119 or e-mail: waynerobb@aol.com [99]

COMMERCIAL

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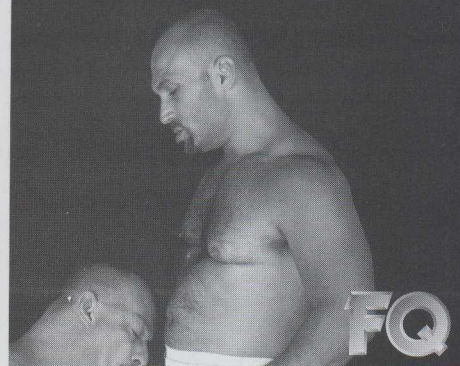
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1. For our records. We need this information in order to send your Voice Mail box # and password and to forward mail to you. (Check here if you want no mail forwarded: ☐)

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| ☐ NATIONWIDE | ☐ ASIA | ☐ UNCUT |
| ☐ CANADA | ☐ AUSTRALIA | ☐ CUT |
| ☐ MEXICO | ☐ EUROPE | ☐ CUT OR UNCUT |

Place my COMMERCIAL AD in the category marked.

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ SERVICES/INFO | ☐ MODELS |
| ☐ CLUBS | ☐ MAIL ORDER |
| ☐ INTERNATIONAL | ☐ ORGANIZATIONS |

3. BOLD HEADING: 25 letters and spaces maximum

4. AD COPY: Print clearly and carefully.

Use a separate sheet of paper if necessary.

5. COST OF AD: Write FREE if no charges apply

Number of words _____

Personal ad, subtract -75

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Signature: _____

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RESPONDING TO AN AD BY MAIL: Put each response into a regular envelope, mark the box number (starts with #2) on the back of the envelope, pack up your response envelopes plus \$1 each in an outer envelope and mail to: **Brush Creek Media, 2215-R Market Street, PMB 148, San Francisco, CA 94114.** We forward your response directly to the boxholder.

Note: First 75 words of PERSONAL ADS are free.
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1. FOR OUR RECORDS: This info is needed so we can send your Voice Mail box # and such to you, and so we can reach you if there is a problem with your ad. Use your legal name and, if possible, a daytime phone. This information is kept confidential.

2. AD PLACEMENT: Choose your home state unless you travel widely (Nationwide) or are interested only in contacts on the basis of the respondent's circumstance status (Cut, Uncut, or Cut or Uncut).

3. BOLD HEADING: Print up to 25 characters including spaces, absolutely no more. When counting the words in a personal or commercial ad, do not count the words in the headline.

4. AD COPY: Print it out very clearly. Don't bother using abbreviations—we're counting words, not letters. Tell 'em what you want and what you've got to offer. Every personal ad will automatically be issued a Voice Mail box number for the Brush Creek Media Personals system on which the *FQ* Uncut line is one of five menu options. You may include your address in your ad, but we can no longer publish phone numbers in personal ads. If you wish to have your photograph published along with your ad, you must do the following: 1) write *Released to Brush Creek Media for publication* and your name and signature on the back of the photo or on a piece of paper taped to the back of the photo, 2) write on a separate sheet of paper any aliases or stage names you have also been known by, 3) include a clear photocopy of your driver's license. There is no charge for photos published with personals, and their inclusion is dependent upon available space. You must be 18 or over to place an ad, and you may not mention or suggest sex with minors or animals. Otherwise, you're on your own. **Deadline?** Whenever your ad arrives, it will go into the next issue of *FQ*.

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MY Wonderful FORESKIN

Fiction by Ian Cappell

My name is Luke. I'm now 28 yrs old, with light-brown hair and a lean smooth hairless body. But for me, my greatest feature is my wonderful, long, loose foreskin. It hangs more than an inch below my extremely sensitive knob when I'm soft. And as my cock grows hard and fills out heading for it's very respectable 7 x 5 inches, it's hard to describe the delicious feelings and sensations that flood through my horny body as I slowly slide that foreskin backwards and forwards over my engorged knob. I suppose the nearest I can get to it would be to say that it feels like brushing my sensitive cock-head with a glove made of the softest velvet. And in seconds my cock is oozing pre-cum like there is no tomorrow.

I have had many sexual encounters since I was in my teens and first discovered that my cock paid a lot more attention to the other naked boys in the showers than it ever did to girls. Most of them have been with boys, and later with men, who have had their foreskin's removed. And as soon as they have gotten my jeans and briefs down, they have been fascinated with my loose skin. Pulling it open with their fingers. Sticking their warm wet tongues up inside it to eat out my pre-cum. And the resulting sex has always been super hot and horny for us both. And although some of them even became integral parts of my life for various periods of time, they all seemed to wander off and find someone else sooner or later. Leaving me and my foreskin alone and unwanted again.

That was until a few weeks ago, when I was sitting in one of my favourite gay bars one evening, slowly sipping on my pint. The usual crowd was in there of course. And quite a few of them have taken me home with them after a good nights drinking. But then my eye was caught by this older man that I had never seen before, and it came as quite a shock to realise that out of all the other highly fuckable blokes in the bar, he was staring straight at me. And from the look in his eyes it felt like he had been doing so for quite some time without my even being aware of it. He was easily in his forties, with steel-grey hair, thin faced, and he looked so damned masculine. Before I even realised it my cock was hard and throbbing like crazy inside my tight jeans. But at the same time, it felt to me as if in his eyes, I was naked already.

His stare was so mesmerising that I just couldn't look away, and I felt my pre-cum oozing down inside my foreskin, making me feel so unbelievably horny that my head began to spin with lust for him. He moved through the crowded bar walking towards me. He didn't say a word when he finally stood there towering over me, and I felt a wet patch starting to form in my crotch. Then we were leaving the bar together and were in his car and he was driving me to I didn't care where. All I know is, that I felt more desperately horny than I had ever felt in my entire life before, I craved the hottest and horniest sex I had ever experienced, and my cock was so painfully hard, it really hurt me, sitting there trapped in the confines of my jeans and sticky wet briefs.

He lives about ten miles out of the city, in a house that stands alone down an un-lit lane. And after he parked the car, he just

got out and walked off around the house into the darkness. My hunger for this man far surpassed anything I have ever felt for anyone before this. He had taken over my body and mind completely. And the hunger inside me burned so fiercely, that in seconds I was out of the car and following him, not caring where he was leading me. And when he stopped in the middle of the lawn and turned to face me in the darkness with only a glimmer of moon-light filtering through the cloudy sky, my heart pounded inside my chest and I broke out in a sweat of pure unbridled lust.

I stood there passively as he stripped me completely naked. My long engorged cock springing and bouncing around between my smooth hairless thighs, aching hard and enjoying the caress of the cool night air. He studied every inch of my naked and super-horny body for several minutes still not saying a single word, which drove me totally crazy with desire for him. But somehow I knew that I mustn't do anything, unless he told me to. Suddenly he reached out and took hold of my throbbing hard cock and I trembled all over with lust. Sliding my foreskin slowly back and forwards across my ultra-sensitive knob he watched me trembling and listened to me moaning and sighing deeply and unashamedly. Then he stepped back and slowly, tantalisingly stripped himself. Making me suffer the unspeakable agony of watching more and more of his nakedness come into view. His body is firm and lean. It is covered in dark hair all over. And his fantastic, awesome man-cock is more than eight inches long and even thicker than mine. And it stood straight out from his body, throbbing with hardness to match my own. But with no foreskin.

As with all my other lovers, he sank to his knees in front of me and closed his warm wet mouth over my rigid cock. But after only a few minutes of sucking on me he let my saliva-coated cock slip from his mouth again to be met by the cool air, and I gasped as he slowly and deliberately began licking his way up and down my aching hard shaft, nibbling at it and even biting it lightly with his teeth. He slavered over it with his warm wet tongue, literally worshipping my cock with more love and adoration than I had ever thought possible. My hands were hanging loosely at my sides, and I raised my right hand and lightly stroked his head. He allowed this, and as my reward he began nibbling at the end of my foreskin with his teeth, sending delicious shock waves flying through my desperately horny body.

As I have explained already, even when I am rigid and aching hard, my foreskin never draws back over my knob leaving it exposed. And this gave him endless scope to keep me teetering on the brink of virtual insanity as for me, time itself ceased to have any meaning. And all that filled my sex-crazed mind was the awe and wonder at all the deliciously fantastic things this man was doing to my cock. At long last I had clearly met a foreskin expert. Someone that obviously appreciated that loose and floppy piece of skin and new just how to give me the most spectacular and ball-churning pleasure from it. And knowing without words, that I just had to stand there, naked in his garden in the dead of night, and let my foreskin be the object of his sole attention and passion just blew my mind completely.

He alternated between licking up and down my skin-covered shaft, treating me to one second having my shaft bathed in warmth, then the next, to be struck by the cool air as his mouth moved away and left my wet skin open and exposed. He nibbled at it repeatedly with his teeth, even biting it lightly occasionally. And throughout all these toe-curling torments, he continued to suck on my rigid and desperate cock, keeping me painfully hard and gasping for more of this totally awesome torture.. Many times I felt myself nearing the edge. But I called on the withering remnants of my failing strength, and fought off the desperate urge to shoot my load which would have spoiled everything. Willingly condemning myself to even more torture and torment. Never ever wanting his hot and experienced mouth to leave my cock, he had taken control of it so completely.

He must have kept me in that state of nightmare ecstasy for more than half-an-hour before he finally pulled my foreskin right down shielding my cock-head totally so that the foreskin bunched up over the knob. He then stretched it with his wet tongue, forcing it up inside over my knob as he noisily sucked out my pre-cum making my legs tremble so violently that I thought they were going to buckle under me. His whole attention had been focused on my foreskin. Something that no-one else had ever done before. And believe me, for someone that doesn't have one, he truly is an expert. And the more pre-cum he sucked out of me, the more my dribbling cock produced. But he seemed more than happy to eat me out like that and take my sweet pre-cum deep inside himself.

Never before had I experienced anyone take so long, and pay so much tender and loving attention to my foreskin. And never once did he so much as touch his own cock, yet it throbbed and bounced around wildly between his spread hairy legs just as rigid as my own. After another half-an-hour of this delicious torment, my head was reeling with lust, and I was begging him desperately to let me shoot, and to fuck me. Something that I have never just let anyone do to me, I can assure you. But he totally ignored all of my whimpering and childish pleading, showing me that he truly was in absolute control of me. And that feeling while something I had never experienced before, was to take over my entire life from that moment on. By some perfect quirk of fate I had finally found someone that was as much in love with my foreskin as myself, and I knew then that he would always be able to do whatever he wanted to me, whenever he wanted to.

After what seemed like days of delicious ecstasy he finally got to his feet and stared deeply into my completely lust-glazed eyes as he smiled knowingly and whispered, „Oh don't worry. I'm going to fuck you alright. That tight young arse was just made for a cock, I can see that. But first I'm going to show you something that's probably never

been done to you before.“ My mind reeled uncontrollably, and without meaning to I gasped, „Y...you mean there's still more of this awesome torture! Oh do it! Do whatever you want to me - always!“ Again that knowing smile stretched across his beautiful face as I stared down my trembling lust-consumed body and watched as his fingers nimbly stretched my foreskin open wide and to my utter amazement he then guided his wonderful aching hard man-cock right up inside it until our knobs where nestled together and we were joined as one by our throbbing hard cocks.

Never in my entire life have I felt anything so heart-stoppingly erotic and mind-blowingly sexy as what I felt then. So-much-so that I gasped out loud and my legs did give under me. But he swiftly slipped his stronger left arm around my waist and held me firmly, as his right hand began to slide my foreskin backwards and forwards over our two trapped and engorged cocks. Nothing I have ever done before could in any way compare to the flood of feelings sensations and emotions that coursed through my body and mind right then, as his hand began wanking us both like that getting faster and faster until somewhere in my daze of pure lust I thought crazily that he was going to rip my cock from my body.

The delicious ecstasy I was feeling as his powerful hand wanked us both ever rapidly to orgasm and I felt his total power over me, made me realise that I would never again want to be with or love and worship anyone but him for the rest of my life. And when I felt my spunk surge up and course through my painfully rigid shaft, I was convinced that my cock was literally going to explode, but I was in so much ecstasy that I just didn't care. I didn't care about anything. Only this wonderful powerful man that had already turned my whole world upside-down. I felt all the strength draining out of my body and I tingled all over as our two cocks spewed out their full and copious loads of thick white spunk in a flood that felt like it would never end.

Spunk was oozing out over his shaft and ripping down onto the grass. And when he drew his still hard cock out from my foreskin, cupping his hand under it to catch the flood of our spunk as it poured out of me, I stood there gasping and panting desperately, and watched him plaster our mingled spunk all over my chest and heaving stomach making me instantly feel 'dirty' and depraved. As with his other arm still holding me up and close to his powerful manly body, he said softly, „And now I'm going to lead you over there to the garden table. Where I'm going to bend you over it, spread your legs wide apart, and fuck you until you lose consciousness. And when you wake, with your arse still oozing with my spunk, I'm going to do it all to you again. Right from the very beginning. Any objections?“ Staring at him through a haze of uncontrollable lust I shook my head from side to side weakly and stammered from a desperately dry mouth, "Do anything you want to me. Anything in the world." **FO**

*At long last I had clearly met a
foreskin expert. Someone that obviously
appreciated that loose and floppy
piece of skin*

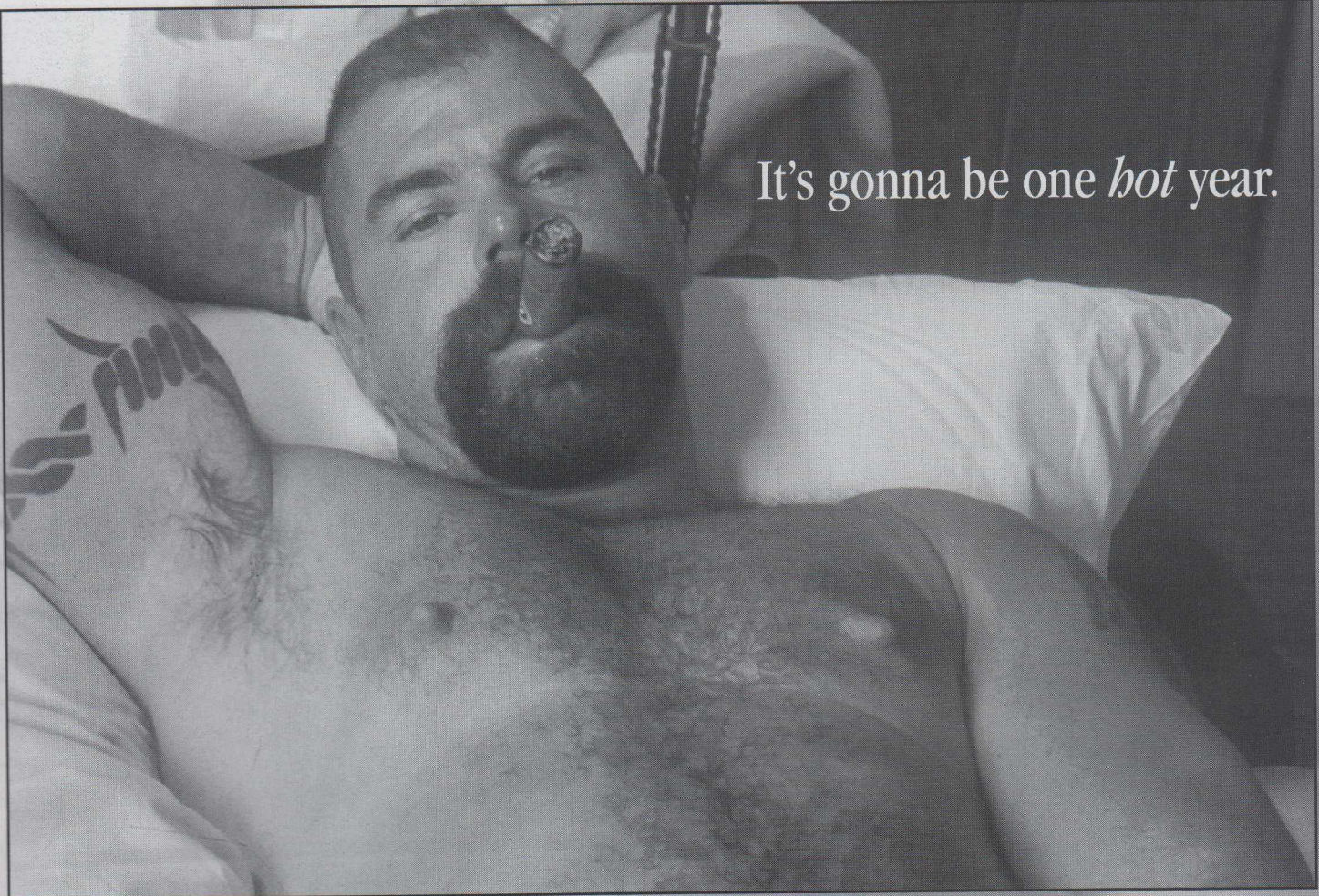
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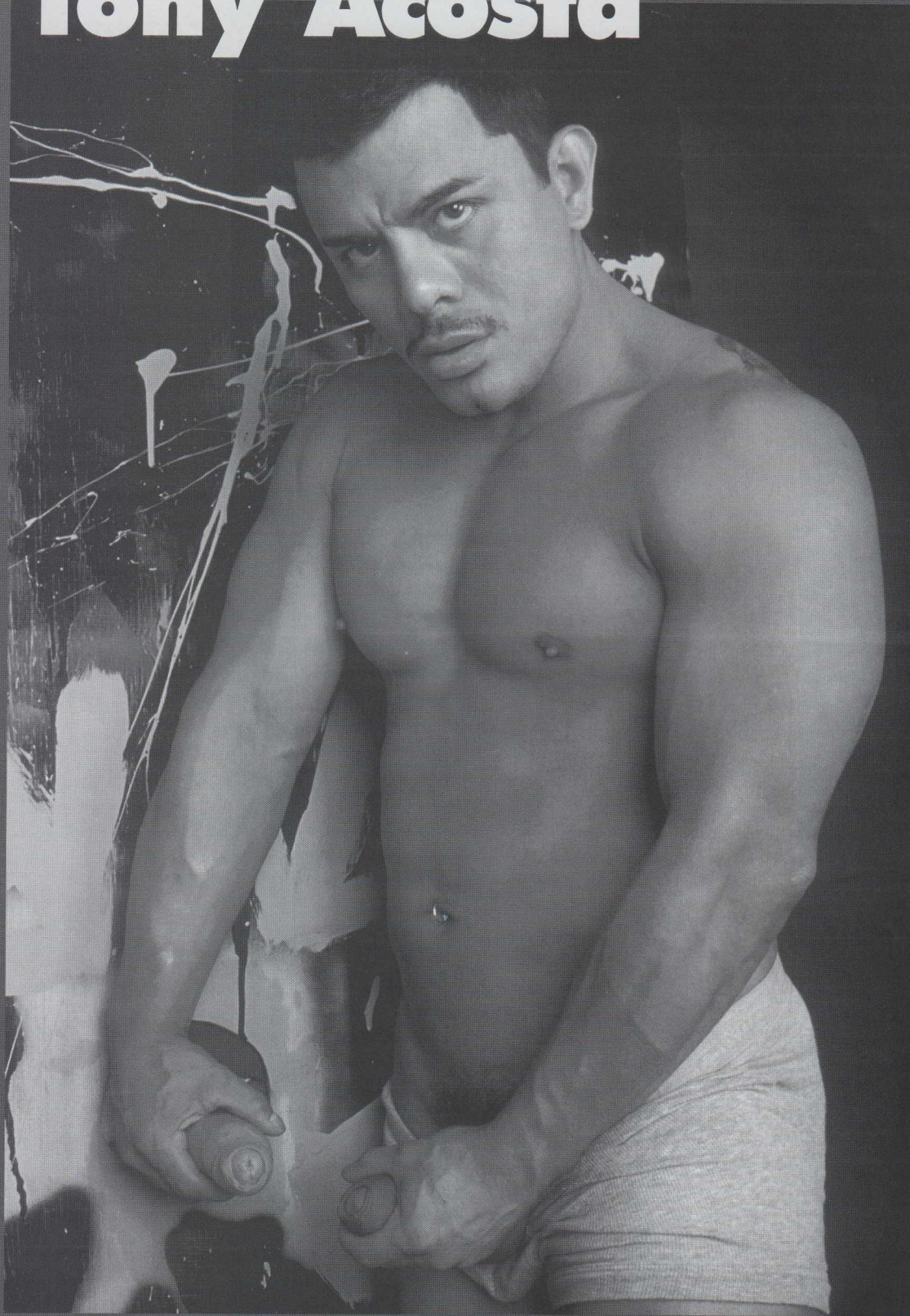
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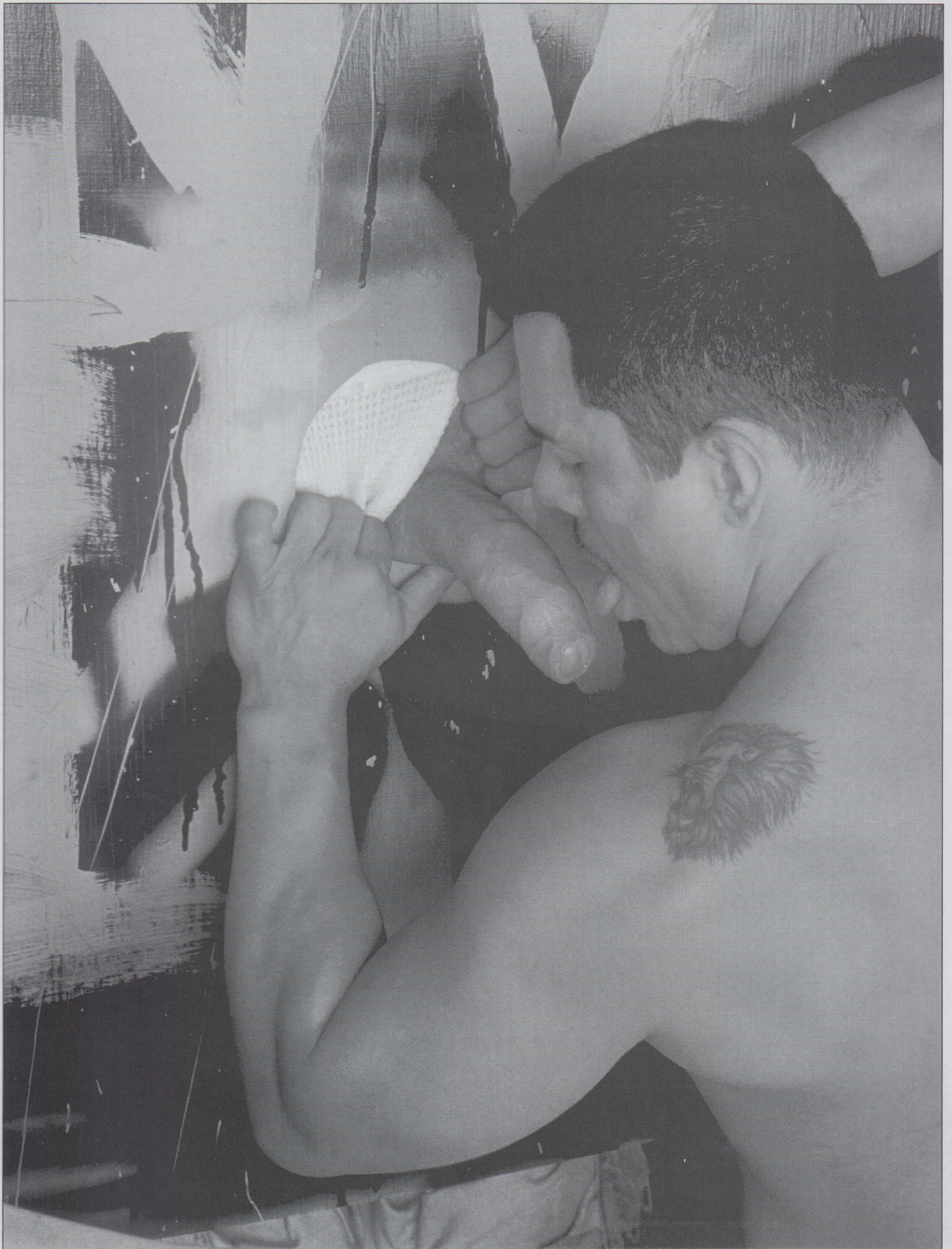










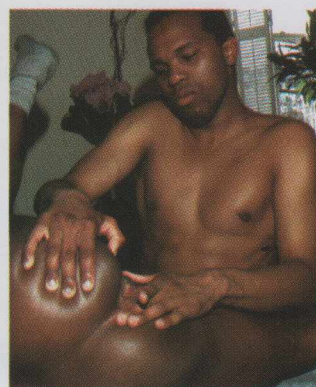
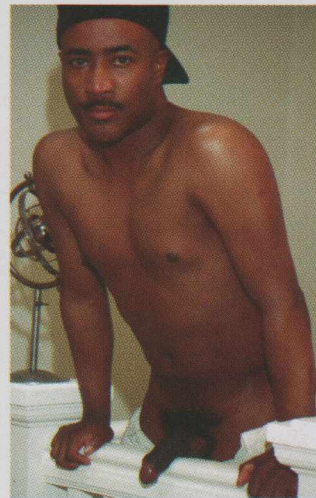




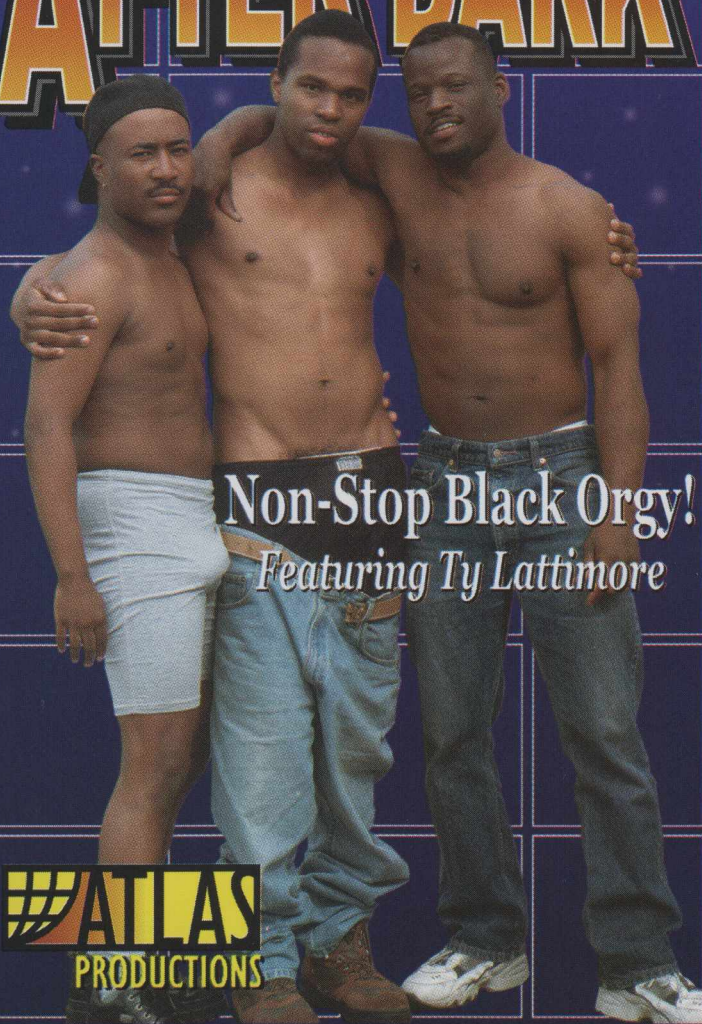
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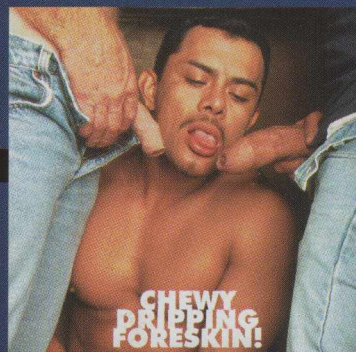
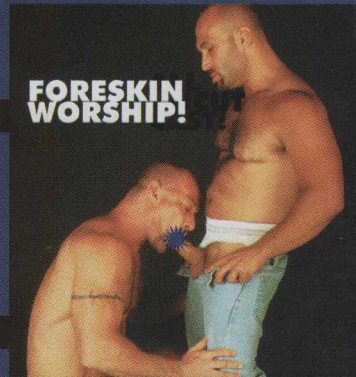
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